The WISSAHICKON VALLEY

Within the City of Philadelphia

FRANCIS BURKE BRANDT

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BQR-371

THIS BOOK

THE WISSAHICKON VALLEY

WITHIN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

IS DEDICATED TO

THE FRIENDS OF THE WISSAHICKON

DAM NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE WISSAHICKON—RIDGE AVENUE ENTRANCE

Here came in 1832 Fannie Kemble, who first celebrated the loveliness of the Creek, with its background of rich tufted cedars basking in amber glow, and its sheet of foaming water falling across the dam like a curtain of gold. A scene now crowned by a magnificent span of arches worthy of a Roman causeway.

The Wissahickon Valley

Within the City of Philadelphia

By

FRANCIS BURKE BRANDT

WITH 125 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP B. WALLACE
RAU STUDIOS, HENRY V. GUMMERE AND OTHERS

. . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—AS YOU LIKE IT

CORN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

MAIN OFFICE
CHESTNUT AT SECOND STREET

CENTRAL CITY OFFICE
Nos. 1510-1512 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA

Copyright, 1927, by the

Corn Exchange National Bank, Philadelphia

Printed in the United States of America

Introduction

WITHIN the bounds of the city of Philadelphia lies a treasure. Its possession, in this day of speed and confusion, marks our city as unique in the whole nation; and its possession bears testimony to Philadelphia's love of beauty—God-made, which has not been allowed to spoil or be destroyed.

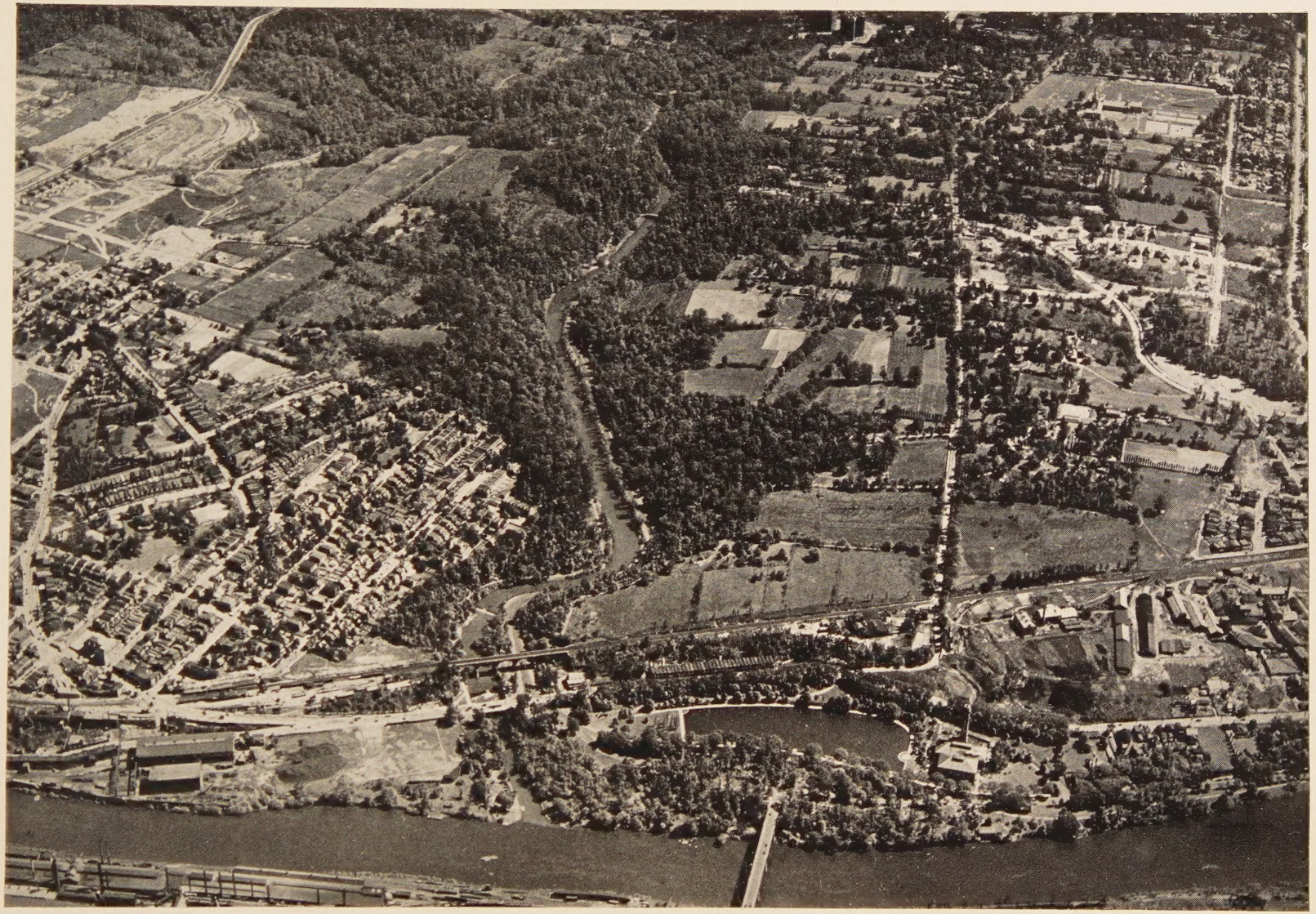
Do you know the valley of the Upper Wissahickon? It is *yours*, —yours to enjoy, yours to display and yours to safeguard. Have you tested its powers of re-creation? Are you intimately acquainted with all its phases, from new leaf to snow-laden bough, its carpet of wild flowers, its banks of fern and moss and sparkling spring, its ice-hung rocks?

From the laughing child paddling along its edges to the silver-haired stroller along its paths, the Wissahickon allures all. It is a place to picnic with a group or to be alone—to know your child, your friend or yourself better. Whether you are afoot or on a horse, in a canoe or on a pair of skates, nature greets you and bids you welcome.

This book should inspire love for the Wissahickon. It should incite everyone to help protect its natural life—trees, birds and flowers —from the unthinking, who for a fleeting moment of personal satisfaction destroy forever growths of beauty that cannot be replaced.

Welcome to the Wissahickon!

Chas S Salwell



© Aërial photograph by Victor Dallin

LOWER WISSAHICKON VALLEY FROM THE AIR

In this first of three aërial maps of the valley are shown the Wissahickon and its environs from the mouth of the Creek at the Schuylkill River to Walnut Lane Bridge. The southward bend of the wooded valley near Rittenhouse Lane is conspicuous (See, also, pages 50 and 73).

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	UP THE WISSAHICKON DRIVE	9
II	OVER THE BRIDLE PATH	51
III	HIKING THROUGH THE VALLEY	73
IV	SHORT HIKES TO HISTORIC SPOTS	85
V	SHORT HIKES TO SCENIC SPOTS	97
VI	SHORT HIKES TO ROMANTIC SPOTS	103
VII	HIKES FOR NATURE LOVERS	105
VIII	HIKES FOR IDLE DREAMERS	109
IX	BOATING AND CANOEING ON THE CREEK	113
X	THE WISSAHICKON FROM A MOTOR CAR	119
XI	THE TROLLEY TRIPPER'S WISSAHICKON	138
XII	THE COMMUTER'S WISSAHICKON	141

MAPS:—

LOWER WISSAHICKON VALLEY—AIR MAP NO. 1	6
FROM WALNUT LANE BRIDGE TO VALLEY GREEN—AIR MAP NO. 2	50
VALLEY GREEN TO CHESTNUT HILL—AIR MAP NO. 3	72
WISSAHICKON PARK AND ITS ENVIRONS	118
INDEX	143

THE LOWER WISSAHICKON

In all the radiance of summer lights and foliage. Here is a happy prologue to the Wissahickon's swelling tide of charm and beauty.

I

Up the Wissahickon Drive

THE time-honored approach to the Wissahickon Valley leads under the majestic arches of the Reading Railway bridge spanning the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek near the spot where Ridge Avenue intersects the terminus of the East River Drive.

LINCOLN DRIVE APPROACH TO THE WISSAHICKON

Continuous for three and one-half miles to its dead end in Allen's Lane, Germantown, the driveway beginning under the arches is open for motor traffic its whole length, and beyond Rittenhouse Bridge is known as the *Lincoln Drive*. This road skirts the east bank of the Wissahickon Creek for only a part of its picturesque course, but parallels in an irregular way a considerable section of the Wissahickon Valley. Connecting at its northern terminus with the great highways to Norristown and to Bethlehem, the Lincoln Drive is at once the quickest and most pleasant road to Germantown as well as to points beyond; and, combined with the East River Drive and the Parkway, the most beautiful approach of all to the heart of Philadelphia.

Open to motors for its first mile and a third, the *Wissahickon Drive* for this distance presents a happy prologue to the swelling tide of charm and beauty.

The wonders of the Lower Wissahickon are apparent at the start. Up from the shadowy waters on the left rise high the rocky ridges of the glen. The wooded hillsides, sometimes dimmed in deadening gloom, sometimes radiant in bursts of shifting light, foreshadow the wonders of gorge and valley yet to come. Looking now at the waters of the lower creek, studded with boats of idle rowers, one finds it difficult to believe that here once catfish were "in numbers so numerous as to blacken the narrow passages." And not far away, in the near-by Schuylkill, we are told, one Godfrey Shrunk caught 3000 catfish in a single night. No wonder the Indians named the Wissahickon "catfish creek," although some interpret the Indian name to mean "yellow-colored stream."

In a short quarter of a mile is passed *Wissahickon Hall*, joyous rendezvous of pleasure seekers in days gone by, but now a Park Guard barracks. Built in 1849 at the foot of Gypsy Lane, although once the first house of entertainment within the southern gateway, it is the last and lone relic of the rival hostelries once near by, the *Log Cabin* and the *Maple Springs Hotel*. These early inns once stirred curiosity with small menageries of owls and foxes and performing monkeys and bears, but they drew and enchained pleasure-seeking visitors with the delights of waffles and catfish, accompanied with the cup that cheers.

THE BRIDGE AT HERMIT'S LANE

Hermit's Lane, terminating in the first stone bridge across the creek, was first opened in 1794, and leads up the hillside into Roxborough. Directly across the bridge, at the right, is the pathway to *Lover's Leap*.

At the top of the hill, on the left side of Hermit's Lane, is the *Hermitage Estate*, now a part of Wissahickon Park. The mansion here marks the site of the "Tabernacle of the Mystic Brotherhood," erected in 1695-96. At the right of it is a small tenant cottage, which includes, we are told, the foundations and part of the walls of the original cabin put up by John Kelpius, "the hermit of the Wissahickon," shortly after his arrival in 1695. On a path immediately adjoining the fence of the property, on the Ridge Road side, is the *Kelpius Spring;*

THE LOWER CREEK AT LOVER'S LEAP

Just beyond the bridge at Hermit's Lane, in the shadows of the steep wooded bluff with its massive overhanging cliff, boatmen find the most romantic spot to row.

HERMIT'S LANE BRIDGE

First opened in 1794. Hermit's Lane leads to the site of the "Tabernacle of the Mystic Brotherhood." Near by are the cave and spring of Kelpius.

south of it is the *Kelpius Cave*, with two modern stone door jambs; and the region from the cave down to the Wissahickon is known as *Hermit's Glen*. Kelpius first used the name "Rocks-Burrow" in a letter dated May 25, 1706. His earlier letters are headed "In the Wilderness." (See page 85)

LOOKING ACROSS TO LOVER'S LEAP

On the main drive again, one should not overlook the beauty of the creek beyond Hermit's Lane bridge.

Here in the shadows of a steep wooded bluff the boatmen find the most romantic spot to row. For at the summit of the high mass of overhanging rock bordering the west side of the stream is the great projecting ledge known as *Lover's Leap*. Seen from the bridle path, on the east bank, the height and mass of this huge rock are especially impressive. Here, so goes the legend, the daughter of a mighty Indian chief and her young lover plunged to their death in the waters below. Promised to the warrior who could outrun his competitors, the faithful young Indian girl had witnessed a wily old chieftain gain the race but not the prize. Probably on this rock, on a moonlit night in May, 1847, George Lippard, romancer of the Wissahickon, was married by Indian rites to his frail young wife.

RITTENHOUSE BRIDGE—ENTRANCE TO UPPER WISSAHICKON

Rittenhouse Bridge, one and three-tenths of a mile from Ridge Avenue, marks the entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Valley, last stronghold of the horse. Through this verdant valley a sequestered driveway, reserved for horse-drawn vehicles, for horse-

RITTENHOUSE BRIDGE—ENTRANCE TO THE UPPER DRIVE

Less than a mile and a half from Ridge Avenue, this beauty spot at the entrance to the upper Wissahickon Valley is too frequently overlooked.

LOOKING DOWN FROM RITTENHOUSE BRIDGE

A refreshing scene near to Nature's heart over which the unhurried visitor loves to linger.

back riders and for hikers, stretches for a distance of six and one-half miles, to the County Line at Chestnut Hill, following the time-worn route of the earth-eating stream. Throughout its length may be enjoyed the wonders of the Wissahickon in all their ruggedness, loveliness and grandeur.

For rider and driver the Wissahickon Valley is another name for a series of exhilarating outdoor exercises in which the sense of beauty supplies the dominating thrill. The historic and romantic aspects of this pleasure ground of the senses are important and fascinating but to rider and driver secondary. Even when one is already familiar with the picturesque scenes of the creek and the valley, there is a never-failing joy in the witchery of their endlessly recurrent enchantments. In olden times, when the roadhouses were numerous, there was the added joy of the dance and the dinner. But Valley Green Inn still vies with Wissahickon Farms as the horseman's Mecca, winter and summer, and the new generations repeat history in their own terms.

"On many a tingling winter's night," says an old-time lover of the Wissahickon, "as the white snow lay sleeping in the bright moonlight along the old Ridge Road, the primeval rocks and glens echoed back the words of the joyous sleighing song, gayly sung by carefree young voices, now hushed in death for more than a century and a half."

Ho, away for the Wissahickon!
For the dance, and the stewed chicken!
Catfish! Waffles! Good hot toddy
Cheers the heart, and warms the body!
Swiftly gliding o'er the snow,
Merrily away we go!

THE UPPER WISSAHICKON DRIVE

This sequestered driveway, last stronghold of hoof and foot, follows the creek through the verdant valley for a distance of six and one-half miles, reaching from Rittenhouse Bridge to the County Line at Chestnut Hill.

THE BLUE STONE BRIDGE

This modern structure carries the drive across the creek to its western bank. It displaced the famous "Old Red Bridge."

At the entrance to the drive is passed in a flash the *Germantown Battle Tablet;* soon, beyond the water-trough, the beginning of the bridle path to Valley Green; and then the *Blue Stone Bridge*, which carries the road across the creek to the western bank.

To enter the *Upper Wissahickon Drive* is to join at once nature at her best "far from the madding crowd." The sense of solitude and separation from the everyday world is immediate and impressive. Sounds soften or altogether cease. If thickets stir or trees find tongues, the sounds are those of brooding peace. The very land seems to sleep. No wonder discerning poets, like Mr. Daly, quickly discover that "here earliest stirs the foot of spring, here summer dreams on drowsy wing, and autumn's glories longest cling, along the Wissahickon." Even the restless and feverish George Lippard, romancer of the region, loved this spot "where calmness and quiet and intense solitude awe the soul and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams woven in the luxury of the summer hour." In "*The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*" Whittier catches the very soul of this opening scene: "Green calm below, blue quietness above, still flow of water, deep repose of wood."

AT THE SITE OF THE LOTUS INN

All old-time lovers of the Wissahickon delight in lingering for a pipeful over the scattered stones of the *Lotus Inn*, still discernible at the foot of Shur's Lane. The lost inns of the Wissahickon have served for many a sweet discourse and still will serve in times to come. Here is how Kit Morley puts one old-timer on record:

"Over the ruins of this hostelry the Soothsayer becomes sadly eloquent, recalling how in his salad days he used to drive out from town in a chartered hansom and sit placidly

"JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY"

The merry sleighing party still sings gayly its joyous songs when the white snow lies sleeping in the moonlight along the Wissahickon.

THE OLD RED COVERED BRIDGE

The veteran forerunner of the Blue Stone Bridge. The remains of the dam and the old mill race may still be seen.

on a honeysuckled balcony over chicken and waffles served with the proper flourish by a colored servitor named Pompey. But we must take things as we see them, and though my conductor rebuked me for thinking the scene so lovely—I should have been there not only two weeks ago to see the autumn colors, but ten years ago to see Pompey and the Lotus Inn—still, I was marvelously content with the dusky beauty of the glades. The cool air was rich with the damp, sweet smell of decaying leaves. A tiny murmur of motion rose from the green-brown pools of the creek, ruffled here and there with a milky bubble of foam below some boulder. In the feathery tops of evergreen trees, blackly outlined against the clear arch of fading blue, some birds were cheeping a lively squabble. We stopped to listen."

UNDER THE MAJESTIC WALNUT LANE BRIDGE

Startling to the eyes of the newcomer is the sight of the majestic *Walnut Lane*

WALNUT LANE BRIDGE

A concrete giant, spanning in one leap the broad valley, it takes nothing from the grandeur of nature in adding the grandeur of man.

UP THE DRIVE AT KITCHEN'S LANE

By turning right across Kitchen Lane Bridge a visit may be paid to the Monastery. At the east end of the bridge also is the path up to Mom Rinker's Rock.

Bridge, leaping across the broad valley, taking naught from the grandeur of nature in adding the grandeur of man.

Opened in 1907, and long acclaimed the longest concrete arch in the world, this gigantic bridge is a memorial to the "cement age" and the most absorbing of industrial romances in Pennsylvania. The production of cement for industrial purposes—locks and gates, bleachers, stadiums, roads, factories and other buildings as well as for bridges, has expanded since 1897 in the Lehigh District of Pennsylvania to an output of more than 26,000,000 barrels a year. The Walnut Lane Bridge marks the triumph of American Portland cement and its right to exist as engineering material.

Seen arching the creek or the carriage road, in summer or in winter, this glorious giant of the valley always overmasters and overwhelms the beholder. The impression it made on such a poet as Christopher Morley deserves perpetuation:

"And then, just as one is about to sentimentalize upon the beauty of nature and how it shames the crass work of man, one comes to what is perhaps the loveliest thing along the Wissahickon—the Walnut Lane Bridge. Leaping high in air from the very domes of the trees, curving in a sheer smooth superb span that catches the last western light on its concrete flanks, it flashes across the darkened valley as nobly as an old Roman viaduct of southern France. It is a thrilling thing, and I scrambled up the bank to note down the names of the artists who planned it. The tablet is dated 1906, and bears the names of George S. Webster, chief

THE CREEK NEAR KITCHEN'S LANE

The views up and down the creek from the centre of Kitchen's Lane Bridge are noteworthy for both scenic and historic reasons (See, also, page 92).

STATUE OF WILLIAM PENN ON MOM RINKER'S ROCK

Shining out from its forest frame in fall afternoons at sunset hours, this tribute to "Toleration" is a never-failing delight to passers-by.

DOWN THE DRIVE AT ALLEN'S LANE

Here is a bowered crossing of supreme loveliness. By following Allen's Lane on its way to Germantown detour may be made to the Livezey House.

WHEN WINTER COMES

Then primeval rocks and glens re-echo the sounds of sleighing songs and the jangle of silver bells.

WINTER WEAVES ITS MAGIC SPELLS

Under rocky brows fantastic icicles remain unmelted in the warmest sun and glitter like a maze of sparkling diamonds.

THE LIVEZEY DAM

Almost opposite where Shawmont Avenue curves into the Drive. Across the creek are the ruins of the Livezey Mill, built in 1745.

THE OLD LIVEZEY MILL

Only picturesque ruins now remain of "The Great Mill" once far-famed as the largest mill in the colonies.

passing; and yet withal may feel in the very silence and seclusion of this region something of the vague sense of mystery and mysticism that tradition and history have ever associated with this corner of the Wissahickon.

But some day everyone should turn aside to *The Monastery* and recall the fascinating history of this spot. (See page 90)

ALLEN'S LANE—DETOUR TO THE LIVEZEY HOUSE

From Kitchen's Lane to *Allen's Lane* is one of the wildest stretches of the Upper Wissahickon.

Where Allen's Lane, on its way from Germantown to Roxborough, crosses the Wissahickon Drive, is a bowered spot of supreme roadway loveliness. Here, too, the creek, with its two span stone bridge, has all the fascination of a river in fairyland.

To visit the historic and picturesque Livezey House, visible across the stream from the main driveway farther up the valley, detour must be made at Allen's Lane, to

OVER THE DRIVE IN A FOUR-IN-HAND

Devoted lovers of the old-time customs still enjoy and preserve the vanishing sounds of hoof beats.

THE RE-MOUNT AT VALLEY GREEN

Heart of the Wissahickon, Valley Green has been the Mecca of countless admirers in all generations.

the right. Just across *Allen's Lane Bridge,* on the left, begins again the Valley Green bridle path, leading to a dead end in Livezey Lane. Carriages must continue on Allen's Lane to Livezey Lane, turning left to reach the Livezey House at the creek end of the road.

THE LIVEZEY DAM, AND HOUSE ACROSS THE CREEK

Nearly opposite the spot where Shawmont Avenue, a curving lane, comes cutting into the Drive, is the great Livezey dam head. In ancient days the farmers of the fields lying west of the Wissahickon made their way to Germantown road by crossing the creek on the breasts of the various mill dams. Here verily is a spot

> ". . . . . where the gold green waters run
> All shining in the summer's sun,
> And leap from off the dam below
> Into a whirl of boiling snow,
> Laughing and shouting as they go."

Directly across the creek, on the east bank, are the ruined walls of the *"Great"* or *Livezey Mill,* built in 1717 by Thomas Shoemaker, and for a long time the largest grist mill in the colony. It was sold to Thomas Livezey October 10, 1749. Sometimes hid in its little glen, but usually visible from the drive, is the *Livezey House,* built in 1696, now the picturesque home of the *Valley Green Canoe Club.* The kitchen of this house is believed to date to 1683.

CRESHEIM CREEK AND DEVIL'S POOL

Before reaching Valley Green, and immediately beyond the canoe landing at the Livezey House, is seen across the creek the high spanning stone bridge that crosses the mouth of *Cresheim Creek,* here mingling its waters with the Wissahickon.

VALLEY GREEN INN—IN WINTER TIME

Built in 1850, but successor of an inn dating to Revolutionary days, this lone representative of the lost hostelries of the valley is rich in memories of the passing generations.

SLEIGHING ON THE WISSAHICKON

Cherished on the walls of Valley Green is this picture of Judge J. Willis Martin, veteran devotee of the road at all seasons.

Near the mouth of Cresheim Creek is the *Devil's Pool*, which must be reached either from Livezey Road by a footpath that follows the bank of the stream by the side of the Livezey House, or by the same path at its beginning at Springfield Avenue, near the stone bridge that crosses from Valley Green.

VALLEY GREEN

Heart of the Wissahickon, *Valley Green* has been loved and visited by countless admirers in all generations. Here the beauty of the creek, the grandeur of the trees, and the loveliness of the setting outvie each other.

The enticing beauty of the *Valley Green Bridge* has enchanted and enchained visitors for many idle hours. The perfect oval made by the arch of the bridge and its reflection in the crystal waters, when seen in the luxurious framework of its summer setting, makes the heart leap up as Wordsworth's leaped, and enriches the mind with an overwhelming and fadeless memory.

"At Valley Green," says a one-time president of the Philadelphia Botanical Club, "the Hemlocks assume the character of almost pure forest, forming so dense a canopy as to shut off all light and preventing growth of any plants on the floor of the forest below." And the Hemlock, he contends, "is easily the most beautiful tree in the region."

Up and down stream from Valley Green Bridge are scenes that have tempted the brush of artist and the pen of poet. Here

THE BRIDGE AND CREEK AT VALLEY GREEN

The enchanting beauty of the bridge and creek, the grandeur of the trees, and the loveliness of the summer setting know no rival.

THE STRAWBRIDGE FOUR-IN-HAND AT VALLEY GREEN

A familiar figure along the Wissahickon since his boyhood days, Mr. Frederic H. Strawbridge recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of riding and driving through this region.

nature brings her own sweet messages to sense and spirit, and, with Wordsworth, one may murmur—"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Here, too, is a good place to believe—

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can."

VALLEY GREEN INN

Valley Green Inn, in summer or winter, is still a worthy centre for rest and refreshment. Once a quaint old roadhouse, and now the lone representative of the lost hostelries of the valley, this landmark of the Wissahickon, built in 1850, but successor of an inn doubtless dating to Revolutionary days, is rich in memories of the passing generations and the changing customs of the decades.

"At most, if not all, of these roadhouses," records Mr. Daly,* "catfish and waffle, and chicken dinners were served at all seasons, and in winter when the roads were white, and not too deeply covered, trim sleighs drawn by fast steppers flashed up and down the drive from Ridge Road to Chestnut Hill; and moonlight nights especially were all a jangle of silver bells. On fine afternoons from early spring until late fall the sedate carriage-folk of Germantown and Chestnut Hill in their broughams and landaus, the

* Daly, T. A.: *The Wissahickon.* Published by the Garden Club of Philadelphia, 1922.

DOWN FROM VALLEY GREEN

A PONY CART ON THE WISSAHICKON

The boy who drives in this sequestered valley is still the envy of the pedestrian onlookers.

grand ladies shielding their complexions from the sun with tiny parasols and sitting scarcely less erect than their liveried coachmen, took the air and enjoyed the scenery with calm dignity. The fashionable set of the city proper, below Market Street, seldom ventured beyond Sweet Briar or Belmont, which was jaunt enough for an elegant equipage in the 70's."

When Christopher Morley, in recent years, tramped up to Valley Green with the writer of the passage just quoted, he confesses that with a common instinct they both turned back to the gracious veranda at Valley Green for a pot of tea and buttered toast with marmalade, evidently reconciled to the "very feminine barroom innocently garnished with syphons of soda and lemons balanced with ladylike neatness on the necks of grape-juice bottles." And so the contented Mr. Morley exclaims:

"But a plague on the talk about 'the good old days!' Certainly in those times the road along the creek was never such a dreaming haunt of quietness as it is today. An occasional proud damsel, cantering on horse, accompanied by a sort of Lou Tellegen groom; a rambling carriage or two, a few children paddling in the stream, and a bronzed fellow galloping along with eager face—just enough movement to vary the solitude. The creek pours smoothly over rocky shelves, churning in a white soapy triangle of foam below a cascade, or slipping in clear green channels through an aisle of buttonwoods and incredibly slender tulip-poplars. Here and there is a canoe, teetering gently in a nook of shade, while Colin and Amaryllis are uttering bashful pleasantries to each other—innocent plagiarisms as old as Eden, that seem to themselves so gorgeously new and delicious. The road bends

"WISSAHICKON DAY" PAGEANT

Annually in May is held a unique parade of horses in which participate coaches, four-in-hands, and other antique vehicles as well as all types of individual saddle-back riders.

A GALA DAY IN THE VALLEY

On "Wissahickon Day" all friends and lovers of the Wissahickon show their loyalty by taking part in the pageant.

and slopes, under cliffs of fern and evergreen. . . . Gushing springs splash on the steep bank."

And of course Morley did not fail to include in his hymn of praise that "a moist pungency of balsam and turpentine breathes graciously in the nose of the sneezer."

The charm of Valley Green varies not only with the seasons but also with the day of the week and the hour of the day.

AT AND BEYOND WISE'S MILL ROAD

Immediately beyond Valley Green is the odd little iron bridge which leads across the creek into Hartwell Avenue. Just beyond this bridge, on the left, terminating in the drive is *Wise's Mill Road*, dating to 1738.

The Park Guard House, soon passed on the left, was originally the office of the *Magarge Paper Mill*, the last of the Wissahickon Mills, removed in 1884.

Battered and broken, the old dam beyond the Guard House marks the departed glory of the missing mill. It also announces the coming loveliness of the upper stream between this point and Rex Avenue. Here still flows the spring-filtered water whose purity made possible the whiteness and quality of the celebrated "Wissahickon Paper." A grist mill stood here as early as 1738, but paper was manufactured continuously on this spot for nearly 150 years.

A DAM EVERY HORSEMAN LOVES

Now a spot of charm and beauty, here stood the mills in which paper was manufactured continuously for nearly 150 years.

THE LAST OF THE WISSAHICKON MILLS

Near Wise's Mill Road stood until 1884 the Wissahickon Paper Mills, owned by Charles Magarge & Co. The office of the old mill is still in use as a Park Guard House.

PAST "PRO BONO PUBLICO"

The well-known drinking fountain, a half mile beyond Valley Green, is always celebrated as the first drinking fountain in Philadelphia. This is due to the year of its erection, 1854, when the old city of Philadelphia and the surrounding county became legally united and coterminous as a municipality. Joint gift of its builder, John Cook, and of the owner of the land, Charles Magarge, this fountain has always excited interest by its Latin inscriptions: *"Pro Bono Publico,"* and *"Este Perpetua."* The coolness and clearness of the ceaselessly flowing waters have proved indeed a public good to tired and thirsty passers-by, while the supply from the rock-hidden spring is never failing.

INDIAN ROCK BRIDGE AT REX AVENUE

Indian Rock Bridge marks the wildest spot of the whole Wissahickon wilderness. High towering hills, stretching upward almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, make of the valley a deep and narrow gorge.

On a stony summit of the heights on the east side of the creek, just above the bridge, is the great granite cliff known as *Indian Rock*. In olden times drivers and riders who wished to climb to this rock left their horses and teams under the sheltering sheds of the old Indian Rock Hotel, built on the driveway north of the bridge by Reuben Sands. From the spot where these sheds once stood are readily seen the rock and the crouching figure of the gigantic *Tedyuscung,* which now crowns the cliff. In the late afternoon, when the last rays of the sun cast a band of brightness along the wooded heights then bordered in darkness, the last of the Lenapes, straining his eyes to the westward, vies with William Penn in the boldness with which he shines out in the scene. Access to this reputed council seat of the Indians

"PRO BONO PUBLICO"
Celebrated as the first drinking fountain in Philadelphia.

THE UPPER WISSAHICKON—BELOW REX AVENUE

INDIAN ROCK BRIDGE—REX AVENUE

It marks the wildest spot of the whole Wissahickon Valley.

INDIAN ROCK FROM THE DRIVE

From the spot where once stood the shelter sheds of the first Indian Rock Hotel, north of Rex Avenue Bridge, may be seen on a stony summit the crouching figure of the gigantic Tedyuscung, last of the Lenapes, straining his eyes to the westward.

is through an arched gateway at the eastern end of Rex Avenue Bridge.

In a famous letter sent from the Lower Wissahickon by Kelpius, the hermit, an account is given how William Penn was refuted by astute Indians, although the meeting where the incident took place was not in the Wissahickon Valley. After listening to Penn with great patience, the Indians answered: "You ask us to believe on the great Creator and Ruler of heaven and earth, and yet you yourself do not believe nor trust Him, for you have taken the land unto yourself which we and our friends occupied in common. You scheme night and day how you may preserve it so that none can take it from you. Yea, you even scheme beyond your life and parcel it out between your children,—this manor for one child, that manor for another. We believe on God the Creator and Ruler of heaven and earth. He maintains the sun; He maintained our fathers for so many, many moons. He maintains us, and we believe and are sure that He will also protect our children as well as ourselves. And so long as we have this faith we trust in Him, and never bequeath a foot of ground."

Three Indian converts, records show, visited in 1747 Conrad Matthäi (successor of Kelpius), in his hut on the Ridge along the Wissahickon. "It was indeed a pic-

A WINTER VIEW OF THE LAST OF THE COVERED BRIDGES

THE LAST OF THE COVERED BRIDGES

Quaintly picturesque and representative of an era now long past, it stands at Thomas Mill Road, so-called since 1784.

turesque sight," says Dr. Sachse, "wherein the patriarchal anchorite, with his snow-white hair and flowing beard, clad as he was in rough home-spun pilgrim garb, formed the chief figure. The Moravian Brethren, in direct contrast, with their long hair, smooth shaven faces, and plain brown garb, brought out the figure of the old Pietist in even bolder prominence, while the three dusky Indians, still partly robed in their semi-barbarous costume, added yet more to the charm. . . ."

CROSSING THE MILL ROADS

Beyond Indian Rock the charm of the driveway centres in the reminders of the great industrial era of the Wissahickon Valley.

At *Thomas Mill Road*, so-called since 1784, is the last of the covered bridges, quaintly picturesque from every angle and in all seasons. (See also pages 44 and 136). It is to be hoped that this bridge, so representative of an important industrial period now

A CLIMAX OF SCENIC BEAUTY

At Bell's Mill Road, known also as Thorp's Lane, the arching stones of the bridge, overhung with wild summer foliage, complete the enchantment of the singing waters gushing over jutting rocks.

THE WISSAHICKON NEAR THE COUNTY LINE

Here the creek is a serene and simple country stream with little suggestion of the greatness yet before it.

past, will be preserved in its present shape for its historic value. Thomas Mill Road, on the left, does not square with the road at the bridge.

At *Bell's Mill Road,* now known as *Thorp's Lane,* the scenic beauty of the Wissahickon comes to an enchanting climax. It is true that here the hills level down and the deep gorge is missing, but the waters go singing over jutting rocks and lash themselves into foamy whiteness, the wild summer foliage revels in richness and splendor, while strength to the landscape is added by the arching stones of the bridge.

John and James Bell owned in 1801 the mill that stood at this spot; in 1833 it passed to Issachar Thorp. Hence the names of the road. But the original grist mill dates to 1710. The old Robinson, or "Wissahickon Mills," known during the Revolution as "Vandaren's" Mills, located at the mouth of the Wissahickon at Ridge Road, was sold July 11, 1691, to Andrew Robinson, and it may have occupied its site as early as 1686. The Leverings, the Holgates, and the Rittenhouses, all mill owners, settled in or near the Wissahickon about 1690. Before 1730, no less than eight mills of various kinds occupied water-power sites on the Wissahickon Creek. In 1793, the number had increased to twenty-four. By the middle of the last century, it is estimated, the number was more than sixty. The mills have all gone, and only the Livezey House and its ruins and the Rittenhouse homestead remain to testify for the age that is past.

END OF WISSAHICKON DRIVE: ANDORRA NURSERIES

The Wissahickon Drive ends in the Montgomery County Line at the *Andorra Nurseries.* Before reaching this point, the Wissahickon Creek makes a broad bend

THE WISSAHICKON'S BEAUTY KNOWS NO SEASON

OVER THE WISSAHICKON TO THE WHITE MARSH VALLEY

In his veteran four-in-hand Frederic H. Strawbridge, Esquire, is entertaining members of the Board of Governors of the Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association.

eastward, crossing Germantown Avenue just short of the County Line, and curling and curving in front of the spacious lawn of Mt. St. Joseph College, an institute at Chestnut Hill for the education of girls. Here the creek is but a narrow ribbon working and winding its way down from its sources in two springs near Montgomeryville, Montgomery County.

The *Andorra Nurseries* deserve a visit both for historic and sentimental reasons. Gardens and gardeners figure among the earliest associations of the Wissahickon. Some writers claim that Kelpius laid out on the lower Wissahickon the first botanical garden in America. Certain it is that Dr. Christopher Witt, friend and disciple of Kelpius, established a garden in Germantown, for Pastorius records: "Anno 1711, Christopher Witt removed his flower beds close to my fence." As Whittier points out, much of the poetry of Pastorius is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, and doubtless from the Wissahickon Valley Pastorius gathered some of the seeds and roots which, "sent from his new home grew to flower and fruit, along the Rhine and at the Spessart's feet." And "Anna's aloe," the disguised century plant, half mythical conceit of the Quaker poet, may perchance be found sometime in the Andorra Nurseries.

Through the Wissahickon, nature's own garden, "with lettered Lloyd," Pastorius strayed, "by every flower delayed." Whittier, following in their footsteps, has given the world the imperishable pen-picture of the ever-recurrent glory of the valley:

"And when the miracle of autumn came,
And all the woods with many-colored flame
Of splendor, making summer's greenness tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a sound
Spake to him from each kindled bush around,
And made the strange, new landscape holy ground!"

© Aërial photograph by Victor Dallin

AËRIAL VIEW OF THE WISSAHICKON VALLEY FROM WALNUT LANE BRIDGE TO VALLEY GREEN AND BEYOND

In this second map of the valley from the air may be traced the big bend in the creek at Kitchen's Lane; the location of the Monastery at the southern edge of the open plateau in the left centre; the bridge at Allen's Lane; the bridge at Valley Green; Wissahickon Avenue; and the Lincoln Drive—conspicuous on the right.

II

Over the Bridle Path

DOUBTLESS for many the delights of horseback riding through the Wissahickon Valley begin today, as in days of yore, in the riding school.

Fannie Kemble, first horseback rider to celebrate the loveliness of the Wissahickon, writes in her *Journal*, December 13, 1832: "At half past twelve set off . . . to the riding school. It was full of women in long calico skirts, and gay bonnets with flaunting feathers, riding like wretches; some cantering, some trotting, some walking—crossing one another, passing one another in a way that would have filled the soul of Fossard with grief and amazement. I put on a skirt and my riding cap, and mounted a rough, rugged besweated white-brown beast, that looked like an old trunk more than anything else, its coat standing literally on end, like 'quills upon the fretful porcupine,' with heat and ill condition. 'Tis vain attempting to ride like a Christian on these heathen horses, which are neither broken, bitted, nor bridled properly; and poor dumb *creturs* have no more idea of what a horse ought to be, or how a horse ought to behave than so many cows." And on another occasion she records: "My horse was decidedly a brute,—pulled my arms to pieces, cantered with the wrong leg foremost, trotted in a sort of scuttling fashion that rendered it utterly impossible to rise in the stirrups, and instead of walking, jogged the breath out of my body. I was fairly done up when I reached home."

The modern rider finds his hired mount an improvement on the horses of olden times. Riding schools at Chestnut Hill, Germantown and West Philadelphia have bettered the traditions of the Wissahickon. The Briggs Riding Academy, the Manheim Riding Academy, Owen Fay's Stables at the Philadelphia Country Club, the Carpenter Lane Riding School, P. M. Peters' Queen Lane Academy, the Eureka Riding School, and the Polo Riding Academy are all representative of continued interest in better horsemanship. Out of these riding academies has sprung the Saddle Horse Association of Philadelphia, organized in 1924. "Music Rides" and numerous in-door and out-door equestrian contests and activities have been fostered by this association. In many suburban private schools of Philadelphia riding clubs are a feature.

WHERE THE BRIDLE PATH BEGINS AND ENDS

The *Wissahickon Bridle Path* begins and ends wherever the horseman elects to begin and end his ride. Officially, however, what has been known some years now as the new bridle path begins at the Ridge Avenue entrance to the Wissahickon, to the right of the motor driveway, and ends at Rittenhouse Lane. The old bridle path, ending at Valley Green, begins across the little bridge over Paper Mill Run, at the foot of Rittenhouse Lane; or this bridle path through the Upper Wissahickon may be picked up on Wissahickon Drive, at the water trough, just beyond the entrance at Rittenhouse Bridge.

Wherever the start, the arrival at Valley Green is always an event for horseman, hiker or driver. At Valley Green the activities of the Wissahickon horsemen have centred for generations. Here annually in May, on "Wissahickon Day," under the auspices of the Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association, organized in 1912, is held a unique parade of horses; participated in by mounted Park Guards, mounted police—city and state, mounted military and fraternal organizations, individual riders, mounted boy scouts, riding academies in units, riding and hunt clubs, polo teams, and various saddle clubs. The harness class is well represented by coaches and four-in-hands, tandems and spike teams, heavy park vehicles,

HOW THE BRIDLE PATH BEGINS

BOUND FOR THE WISSAHICKON

The delights of horseback riding through the Wissahickon begin today, as in days of yore, in the riding school.

cut-unders, 2-wheelers, and varied vehicles for roadsters and trotters. Ponies—saddle and harness, are a striking feature. The line forms at Kitchen's Lane, and advances north to Wise's Mill Road, and then countermarches to Valley Green. As many as 10,000 people have gathered along the Wissahickon to witness this parade. Not only do some of Philadelphia's most distinguished citizens take part in this gala event, but the Wissahickon's notable "old-timers" are never absent from the procession. A list of names of the horsemen and the horses in this illustrious equestrian pageant would read like the catalogue of ships in the great Homeric epic.

But now we are mounted and off!

RITTENHOUSE LANE TO THE MOUTH OF THE WISSAHICKON

For the rider who can mingle with sensations of exhilarating exercise stirring visions of fleeting beauty and flashing memories of the historic, the ride over the bridle path from Rittenhouse Lane to the mouth of the Wissahickon may well partake of the nature of a horseman's pilgrimage. Not merely will the enchantments of the Lower Wissahickon caught from the heights of the bridle path enthrall, but a worthy objective will be found in the historic spot to which the Wissahickon's most illustrious horsewoman once came and first celebrated for its loveliness.

Approaching from Wissahickon Avenue and Rittenhouse Lane, the rider turns left

PARADE OF HORSES AT CEDAR CREEK

On "Wash-Ireland Day" the "old-timers" are never absent from the procession. A list of their names and their horses would read like the catalogue of stars in the Heavenly sky.

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF DRIVE AND BRIDLE PATH

Leading citizens are ever ready to advance the cause of "More Hoof Beats"

into the soft earth of the old carriage road, somewhat short of the Lincoln Drive. On the right, across the concrete driveway, he catches glimpses of Monoshone Creek, or *Paper Mill Run*, and sees the venerable home of the Rittenhouse family, who established the first paper mill in the colonies on this spot in 1690. Shortly the old carriage road curves to the right into Lincoln Drive, and horseback riders bound immediately for Valley Green and the upper bridle path follow this road on to the Lincoln Drive to the Rittenhouse Bridge, where is the main entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Drive; or, as an alternative way of reaching the Valley Green bridle path, they cut across the Lincoln Drive and the small stone bridge over Paper Mill Run, and go straight up the bridle path road found at this point.

Where the old carriage road curves towards Lincoln Drive, to the left, leading up the hillside over a walled embankment guarded by a rustic fence, begins the lower or new bridle path, which leads south along the east bank of the creek and terminates at the mouth of the Wissahickon.

And here the joys of the path begin. Seen far down on the right is seen the entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Drive, whence float the whirr of wheels and sometimes the laughter of voices. Here, to the left, a blind by-path leads to a crude Dido's cave, a rain

A GLIMPSE OF THE CREEK FROM THE BRIDLE PATH

A MOUNTED GUARDIAN OF THE WISSAHICKON

THE BRIDLE PATH IN AUTUMN DAYS

shelter, built into the embankment and roofed with trees and branches. For the whole length of the path, huge trunks of trees hold in the soft earth of the hillside. Their big black stumps guard the way, eloquent witnesses of the antiquity of the woods. Winding and undulating high on the hillside the path becomes in parts a broad wood road; in parts, a narrow Indian trail. More than once it leaps some trickling rivulet working its way over rocks and through crevices to the creek far below. Sometimes a stone bridge carries it over or around a deep ravine, dug from the hillside by the timeless efforts of some noisy rushing brook.

When the foliage is favorable the views of the creek and the valley from this bridle path are views of enchantment. Long before the horseman comes abreast of the stone bridge that crosses the Wissahickon at Hermit's Lane, he sees it far down in the deep gorge; and, streaming straight beyond it till lost in the bend, the shaded green waters of the creek. Between him and the bridge the waters break in snowy whiteness over impeding rocks. Near the high ground, to which dipping and rising he has come, the rider can see across the creek in bold outline, projecting from the higher wooded ridge, the dizzy rocky ledge known as *Lover's Leap*. Abreast the bridge he may see Hermit's Lane winding up the hillside, and hear distinctly voices from the valley. By the side of the deep valley the path continues, and, in the afternoon lights, the great long wooded ridge across the creek shows shadowy black and sheer and steep.

At *Gypsy Lane,* which leads on the left to *School Lane,* on the right to the Drive, the bridle path crosses close to the old *Wissahickon Inn,* now a Park Guard House. Then up it climbs, dipping and rising, curving and winding, over the side of the hill.

Before reaching the great flying arches of the railroad bridge over the mouth of the Wissahickon, the bridle path lifts up to another high bluff, where through the dense foliage is seen the eager stream now winding fast to the overflowing dams below. Dipping down to the level of the railroad bridge, but still high on the hillside, the path here makes a beautiful winding-S, bringing the rider face to face with the flashing waters of the second dam, and finally bringing him out under an arch of the bridge, within thirty feet east of the official entrance at Ridge Avenue of the Wissahickon Drive.

Here is the spot to which Fannie Kemble came, on that memorable Sunday in December, 1832, so vividly recorded in this now celebrated passage:

"I stopped for a long time opposite the Wissahickon creek. The stone bridge, with its grey arch, mingled with the rough blocks of rock on which it rested, the sheet of foaming water falling like a curtain of gold over the dam among the dark stones below, on whose brown sides the ruddy sunlight and glittering water fell like splinters of light. The thick bright rich tufted cedars basking in the warm amber glow, the picturesque mill, the smooth open field, along whose side the river waters, after receiving this child of the mountain into their bosom, wound deep and bright and still, the whole radiant with the softest light I ever beheld, formed a most enchanting and serene subject of contemplation."

The old stone bridge is now effaced and overshadowed by the magnificent span of arches worthy of a Roman causeway; Robinson's Mill once here and the open field have slipped from the picture; but the rich tufted cedars still bask in the amber glow, and the sheet of foaming water still falls like a curtain of gold over the dam, splitting below into thousands of splinters of glittering light.

RITTENHOUSE LANE TO KITCHEN'S LANE

In returning to Rittenhouse Lane from the mouth of the Wissahickon, the horseman, as a rule, avoids the drive with its noisy stream of speeding motors. Reversing over the bridle path, he may gain the upper path to Valley Green by either of the ways described above; or, just south of Hermit's Lane Bridge, he may cut into the concrete drive by a short spur of the path, and reach more directly the main entrance to the carriage driveway at Rittenhouse Bridge.

WHERE THE UPPER BRIDLE PATH BEGINS

At the first water trough, on the right, just beyond the entrance at Rittenhouse Bridge to the Upper Drive, the horseman may turn into a path continuous from this point to Valley Green.

CREEK AND BRIDGE FROM THE BRIDLE PATH

The horseman who follows the narrow trail that hugs the hillside through the valley is rewarded by many views impossible from the drive.

Beyond the *Battle Tablet*, which marks the beginning of the original Wissahickon turnpike, at the first water trough, on the right, the upper bridle path begins. It is continuous from this point to Valley Green.

Up from the carriage drive, swinging back aslant the steep hill, the path rises to the summit of a ridge that overlooks the main entrance. Here it reverses at a sharp angle into the bridle path road coming up from Paper Mill Run. Now a broad road, the path loses sight of the creek in the thickly wooded sides of the deep valley. Curving around a broad open hollow, it dips down into a real trail, guarded by rustic fence and paralleling the footpath on the hillside below it.

To Kitchen's Lane the path reveals characteristic features of the Wissahickon: the steep wooded valley, the rocky gorge, the broadening vale, and the sound of distant waters breaking over stones far down in the creek below. Sometimes it skirts by rocky boulders; sometimes meets and joins the rugged hugging footpath. Here and there along its way are trunks and stumps of time-worsted trees. Soon it climbs under the romantic Concrete Bridge over Walnut Lane, often seen shining out gloriously from its gorgeous forest frame.

Beyond the arch of *Walnut Lane Bridge* the path rises to the high ground that skirts the edge of *Mom Rinker's Rock*. Even the horseman should find some way to follow the footpath across the open pipe-way to the terrace in front of this rugged cliff. The autumnal views from here are never to be missed. In the leafless season, to the northward, across Kitchen's Lane, may be seen high on its hill the *Monastery*.

Looking up at the *statue of Penn*, which stands high on the rocks in impressive soli-

EVEN THE HORSES ENJOY THE WISSAHICKON

AN EARLY START

The real lover of the Wissahickon begins his training in childhood days.

tude, the horseman will find it pleasant to think of the great founder of the Commonwealth as the chivalric adventurer, who when he lived at Pennsbury on the Delaware owned three side-saddles and two pillions, brought from England the colt Tamerlane sired by the famous British stallion Godolphin, and made long circuits on horseback in and about Philadelphia, sometimes thirty or forty miles. Penn loved the country life and once wrote: "The country is to be preferred. It is both the philosopher's garden and his library in which he reads and contemplates the power, wisdom, and goodness of God."

Before reaching *Kitchen's Lane* the path swings into a little valley made by the ridge crowned with Mom Rinker's Rock. Higher and higher it climbs the side of this valley, and then dips down over a small stone bridge across a rivulet that runs through the ravine. Swinging up again it returns to the top of the ridge where a footpath joins it. From this height, looking back, one can see

BRIDLE PATH AND FOOTPATH SOMETIMES MEET

THE BRIDLE PATH CROSSES LEAFY LANES

A HORSEMAN'S DREAM OF THE WISSAHICKON

in the Wissahickon Valley the trellised sides of *Kitchen's Lane Bridge*. The path now turns upon itself to the left, and then makes a sharp dive down into Kitchen's Lane.

KITCHEN'S LANE TO ALLEN'S LANE

Straight across the often muddy Kitchen's Lane the bridle path goes on to *Allen's Lane*. Much of the path in this section is broad wood road. Farthest from the creek throughout the whole distance, the bridle path here contrasts sharply with its other sections. Up hill at the start, by the side of a trickling rivulet crossed by tiny stone bridges, the path soon crosses the edge of a broad open field or plateau encircled with woods. Looking back one sees the barn and upper stories of the *Monastery*, often visited by horsemen by a road across the open field. For a few moments the rider has the sense of being lost in the primeval wilderness. Then appear on the right remodeled Colonial homes and other signs of civilization. Allen's Lane is in sight.

At Allen's Lane the horseman turns left for a short distance, as the bridle path does not dovetail here. As he turns right into the bridle path again, *Allen's Lane Bridge* over Wissahickon Creek is visible on the left.

At Allen's Lane the wise rider, picking his day, sometimes keeps straight on to the water side to see in still waters shores, trees, and bridge mirrored with beautiful and fairy-like distinctness. In winter he, too, may find long icicles under a rocky brow unmelted in the warmest sun, and the granite slab on which he stands may sparkle like a pavement of diamonds. Sometimes the scene may prove one of gloom and melancholy: turbid water, skeleton woods, gray sky, dark rocky shores; clouds do not move, the water is without the faintest ripple, trees do not stir a branch;—a perfect and profound trance seems to have fallen on everything. Then is it one becomes in true Shakespearean style "deep contemplative." Sometimes he may pick a day "when the whole land is mellow with warmest sunset, the sky soft, and bright, and golden like a dream." And then he may amuse himself, as others have done before, watching the delicious fresh water all rosy with the rosy light of the clouds, and gushing round the masses of rock that intercept their channel.

ALLEN'S LANE TO VALLEY GREEN

The chief charm of the final stretch of the bridle path from Allen's Lane to Valley Green is perhaps the thought that it ends at Valley Green Inn. "Now spurs the lated traveller apace, to gain the timely inn."

Before reaching the dead end at *Livezey's Lane,* however, one picks up the Wissahickon Creek again; in the deep gorge hears again the noisy waters far below; and crosses a ravine and its tireless rivulet struggling to empty itself into the creek. Broad wood road alternates with picturesque path.

Turning left on Livezey Lane, the horseman keeps straight on this rough road, if he wishes to see the superlatively picturesque *Livezey House,* or watch the canoeists who make their headquarters here. From the Livezey House the *Devil's Pool* is a short walk, by a path along the bank of the creek.

Far short of the Livezey House, however, the bridle path begins again on the right of Livezey Lane. At first it is a rough road cut in a hillside. Making a long curve eastward around the Cresheim Valley, it cuts into the old Valley Road, and follows this road down the valley a short distance to a small bridge, over which it goes, climbing up hill and coursing through woods until it meets *Springfield Avenue,* almost at the bridge at Valley Green.

Instead of turning left into old Valley Road, however, the venturesome horseman may cross the road at the junction of the bridle path, and, using his only opportunity for fording, wade the tiny Cresheim Creek, following to the left the road and path close to the bank until he joins the Valley Road near where it crosses the bridge.

Cresheim Creek flows through a still sequestered glen, known to the Indians as

THE ARRIVAL AT VALLEY GREEN

A feature of many suburban private schools of Philadelphia is a saddle horse club under the guidance of a skilled equestrienne.

CRESHEIM VALLEY DRIVE—A FAVORITE BYROAD FOR HORSEMEN

"The Devil's Hole," but named Cresheim by the earliest settlers for their home in Germany. Of the 5700 acres comprised in the original Germantown settlements, Cresheim included 884 acres. "All the settlers in Cresheim," says Watson, the annalist, "built on the Cresheim road before settling a house on the Germantown road through Cresheim. There is an old map, made in 1706, in which all their residences and barns at that time are marked."

VALLEY GREEN TO COUNTY LINE

At *Valley Green* the horseman may elect to return to his starting point by bridle path or drive; or, to prolong his ride over the drive to the County Line.

The driveway from Valley Green to the Andorra Nurseries has its own special charms for the horseman. The iron bridge at Hartwell Avenue, the Rex Avenue Bridge at Indian Rock, the stone bridge at Bell's Mill Road (Thorp's Lane) flash up in quick succession, offering at different seasons of the year alluring temptations to leafy and picturesque bypaths. Here and there along the friendly road a spring or flowing water trough offers needed refreshment for man or beast.

Along the upper stretches of the Wissahickon the horseman finds nature's pictures at their best. In season and out the creek, "child of the mountain springs and snows," comes dancing and leaping through the glen, sometimes golden green, sometimes silvery white, always shimmering in the sun. In winter, "through the snow the scarlet berries gleam, like jewels strewn upon the fair stream's banks." In winter, too, here and there, rifts of gray granite sparkle like diamond rocks. No longer the busy mill-wheel turns with reckless sound, but over the dam the flashing waters still go whirling, breaking into snowy seething foam below. At times, in the very depths of the forest gorge, one may look and see "the silver clouds go by, across the holy, deep, blue sky."

HEADED FOR HOME

Fortunately for the horseman, the *Andorra Nurseries* are not the end of the ride. He may push on farther for the allurements

THE DRIVE IS ALSO THE HORSEMAN'S DELIGHT

HEADED FOR HOME

In returning from the county line to the beginning of the carriage drive one finds the beauty of the Wissahickon as enticing as the beauty in going.

of the "Wissahickon Farms," or to some other choice place of entertainment and refreshment. "Wissahickon Farms" is an exclusive non-profit equestrian club of about 125 members, organized April 27, 1925. It is reached by what is sometimes called "the new Wissahickon bridle path," extending from the County Line to Stenton Avenue and Butler Turnpike, the location of the club in the White Marsh Valley. This path is opened across private grounds, going over the estate of William A. M. Fuller, through a section of the Andorra Nurseries, and over the estates of George D. Widener, Jr., Philip L. Corson and William D. Disston. "Tally-Ho," the restaurant of the club, is open only to members or those who receive courtesy cards.

For most horsemen, however, the lure of the Wissahickon in riding back is no less real than the charm in coming. Mahomet once turned his head from a beautiful scene in Syria for fear, as he said, he would forget paradise. The beauty of the Wissahickon in returning is in danger of blotting out the beauty of the Wissahickon in going. From the County Line to the beginnings of the carriage drive the galloping horseman gains a swiftly moving series of scenic experiences that justify Poe's contention that the Wissahickon is one of "the real Edens of the land." The two Englishmen who bet, in the one case that the best walk in England was the walk from Kenilworth to Coventry, and, in the other, the walk from Coventry to Kenilworth, would have repeated their wisdom, if betting on the Wissahickon.

The rider over the Wissahickon bridle path rides

> ". . . . . not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
> That in this moment there is life and food
> For future years."

When the ride is over, Wordsworth-like, he may clasp his hands to weary eyes and call up mossy banks where wild flowers grow and green boughs beckon, sunny waters, glassy pools, forests wide and cool, troops of sunshine, and the evening sun; he may feel again the soft spring zephyr passing by, and hear the voice of the waterfall calling.

© Aërial photograph by Victor Dallin

FROM VALLEY GREEN TO THE COUNTY LINE, CHESTNUT HILL—AS THE AIRMAN SEES IT

At the extreme lower right is the McCallum Street Bridge over the Cresheim Valley. At the top center, near the end of the valley at Chestnut Hill, is seen Mount St. Joseph College, on Germantown Avenue.

III

Hiking Through the Valley

HOWSOEVER real the dignity of driving through the Wissahickon, or the exhilaration of cantering over the bridle path, hiking through the valley affords experiences and joys just as real and peculiarly the hiker's own.

THE HIKER'S GRAND TOUR

Long ago Poe, in his *"Morning on the Wissahiccon,"* intimates that the sweeter portions of the Wissahickon are to be reached only by footpaths. "Indeed, in America generally," he writes, "the traveller who would behold the finest landscapes must seek them not by the railroad, nor by the steamboat, nor by the stage-coach, nor by the private carriage, nor yet even on horseback—but on foot. He must *walk*, he must leap ravines, he must risk his neck among precipices, or he must leave unseen the truest, the richest, and most unspeakable glories of the land."

Fortunately for the hiker, the walk through the Wissahickon Valley from the Ridge Avenue entrance to the County Line is a veritable "grand tour," worthy a venture in every season of the year.

This walk should be made by the hiker, however, only after practice and chiefly as an endurance test. The out and in trip on the same day is a miniature Marathon and a real pedestrian achievement. The distance one way is six and one-half miles. The wise walker who makes the return tour will not follow Poe's advice by leaping ravines and risking his neck among precipices. On this occasion he will cut out Lover's Leap, Mom Rinker's Rock, Indian Rock, and all climbing. Should he decide to walk only one way, he may go or return by train or trolley.

The tour of the Wissahickon outlined in Section I, "Up the Wissahickon Drive," will serve as a complete itinerary for the hiker's "grand tour." See also page 139.

THE HIKER'S BRIDLE PATH

As the main footpaths parallel for the most part the whole length of the Wissahickon bridle path, the hiker is strictly under no necessity of exposing himself to the slower and softer turf of this path. Nevertheless the hardy hiker who wishes to enjoy the varied charms of the Wissahickon will not fail to take more than once the exhilarating tramp over the bridle path.

In the case of the Lower Wissahickon, the main footpath begins at Ridge Avenue and skirts the western bank of the stream, close to the water; but the bridle path begins next to the driveway entrance, under the railroad arch, and ranges high on the towering eastern hillside. The hiker who follows the bridle path to its ending at Rittenhouse Lane, will discover magic vistas of the creek and valley, fairy realms of flowers and foliage, a twisting, winding, dipping path—now deep in the dell, now high on the hillside, and new visions of the wooded ridges and towering cliffs across the creek. The massiveness of rocky Lover's Leap is nowhere so apparent as from the bridle path. Here and there a tiny rivulet beckons the hardy to follow it aside into some fairy dell or fern-fringed ravine. The distance from the Ridge to Rittenhouse Lane is one mile. Other details of this part of the bridle path will be found in Section II.

The bridle path of the Upper Wissahickon may be entered either from Lincoln Drive, near the Rittenhouse birthplace, as described above; or, from the main Wissahickon driveway. The hiker should follow closely the path as outlined in Section II, "Over the Bridle Path." The distance by the bridle

THE DRIVE BELONGS TO THE HIKER TOO

A walk through the Wissahickon Valley from Ridge Avenue to the County Line is a veritable "grand tour" worthy a venture in every season.

SOMETIMES THE HIKER RIDES

The bicycle is still a popular vehicle for covering the whole trip through the valley.

path from its beginning in the carriage drive to Valley Green is much longer than the distance by footpath or road.

THE HIKER'S OWN TRAIL—THE MAIN FOOTPATH

No one has seen or knows the Wissahickon who has not seen it from the main footpath. No one has "hiked the Wissahickon" who has not at some time followed in a single day this path from its beginning at Ridge Avenue to its end at Chestnut Hill, or made the reverse trip. This is a hike worthy of every walker's ambition, and one filled with rewards beyond belief. It is astounding that two million people can live in close proximity to such a paradise of a pleasure ground and fail to avail themselves more numerously of the opportunity offered by it. The main footpath of the Wissahickon for natural beauty is scarcely exceeded by many parts of Maine or the White Mountains. The section of the trail between Allen's Lane and the Livezey House for glory of the woods, wonder of the rocks and trees, picturesqueness of the path, and spell of the creek cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the valley.

The main footpath for the most part follows the creek so faithfully throughout all its turnings and twistings that it has never been thought necessary to make a map of it.

The footpath of the Lower Wissahickon may be entered from Ridge Avenue or from *The Steps,* which lead down from Rochelle Avenue, Roxborough. A broad and well-beaten trail, it follows the west bank of the creek to Hermit's Lane Bridge. Beyond

THE BRIDLE PATH HAS ITS LURE FOR THE HIKER

The hardy hiker will find the bridle path a more difficult but an exhilarating tramp.

LOOKING DOWN TO KITCHEN'S LANE BRIDGE

The hiker over the foot trail must descend to the near side of the bridge and cross Kitchen's Lane to visit the Monastery.

Hermit Lane the main path is at the extreme left of the bridge. The path which continues along the creek ends abruptly in the rocks under Lover's Leap. The main path rises gently at first but becomes steep and in poor condition before reaching Lover's Leap, a broad projecting ledge at the summit. Along the edge of an open stump-studded plateau it goes, following the ridge in a gentle descent down to the Blue Stone Bridge, and making at one point a sharp return-bend along the hillside into the upper valley.

The main footpath on its way to Valley Green begins at the eastern end of the Blue Stone Bridge. Following closely the creek throughout its way, it parallels too for some distance the bridle path on the hillside above it. Just short of Walnut Lane Bridge it joins with the bridle path, diverging immediately on passing under the bridge. Here the hiker looks back and upward for his own imperishable picture of the Walnut Lane Bridge. Crossing a wild gulley made by the high ridge crowned with Mom Rinker's Rock, the path swings left around the ridge to the terrace in front of the massive cliff where stands the statue of the imperturbable William Penn. A picturesque rift in the rocky cliff leads to the path to the summit. Shortly beyond Mom Rinker's Rock a side path, now practically the main path, drops down to Kitchen's Lane Bridge. The old main path goes around the hillside, but dips down at once to a spot immediately adjoining the other and better path.

THE MAIN FOOTPATH—THE HIKER'S OWN TRAIL

From the mouth of the Wissahickon to Chestnut Hill the footpath follows closely the creek throughout all its turnings and twistings.

PATH THROUGH PILLARED ROCKS

Throughout its length the footpath is filled with pleasant surprises.

At Kitchen's Lane one may follow an indistinct path to the Monastery, or follow the broad Monastery bridle road over a small bridge, and then diverge to the left into the path along the creek. Here follows a long stretch of level pathway, with the carriage drive across the creek in constant view. Numerous trees along the path bear evidence of the industry of many a faithful Orlando. Here too are many tale-telling trunks of time-worsted trees.

On crossing Allen's Lane, the rugged beauty of the rocky path begins again at once. Great granite boulders and age-enduring trees springing literally from the solid rock evoke comparisons with Maine. Indeed the wild beauty of the path from Allen's Lane to the old Livezey Mill ruins arouses wonder and astonishment that any such combination of woods, trees, up-turned rocks, and sunlit waters could possibly be found "at home" and in the very borders of a brick-built city of two million people. One is lost in a series of scenic climaxes, seemingly complete when one reaches the superb mass of jagged jutting moss-grown granite that overhangs the path. But a flight of rough-hewn steps swiftly brings one to the water's edge, and an aisle through the pillared rock ushers the unsuspecting hiker into the most surprising scenic complex of giant rocks, jutting ridges, high-tossed cliffs, and tree-clutched ledges ever found in a primeval forest glen. Then appear against a forest background the gray worn walls of the ruined mill. And then—even forgetting the Livezey House and the Livezey Dam, comes still another—a perfect climax: the rustic bridge over Devil's Pool and the stony path curling around rocky ledges on its final way to Valley Green. In a short fifteen minutes from the Devil's Pool

ROCKY PATH NEAR ALLEN'S LANE

No one knows the Wissahickon who has not seen it from the main footpath.

A PRIMEVAL FOREST GLEN

Between Allen's Lane and the Livezey House the path leads through a series of scenic climaxes of unbelievable rugged beauty.

THE CRESHEIM BRIDGE AT DEVIL'S POOL

From the Devil's Pool a rough path leads through the Cresheim Valley to Germantown Avenue. On the way may be visited the Woodward estate.

THE HIKER HAS HIS DIVERSIONS

There are no dull days in the Wissahickon Valley for the youthful followers of Isaac Walton. The day's catch is not great, but it is full of sport.

the happy hiker may be sitting on the restful veranda of Valley Green Inn gloating over his buttered toast, marmalade and tea.

Straight across Springfield Avenue at Valley Green the path continues, turning up the small ravine that bounds the road and quickly reversing to the rustic house that overlooks the creek and drive. To speak in detail about the path beyond Valley Green is to describe every picture in the gallery. It is enough to say there are no disappointments and some masterpieces, notably Indian Rock and the crouching Tedyuscung. In general the path is still one of sifted sunlight, dancing shadows, bordering boulders, wooded aisles, rocky ledges and winding trail. The entrance at Rex Avenue is through the arched gateway that leads up to Indian Rock, the main path continuing to the left. From Thomas Mill Road to Thorp's Lane, and indeed out to Germantown Avenue at Chestnut Hill, the path is a perfect Indian trail, often at the water's edge and following closely the creek throughout the rest of its course. Near Chestnut Hill the creek makes a big bend eastward, and the path, now a wood road, comes out on Germantown Avenue at the car stop, at the southern end of the bridge which leads on to Mt. St. Joseph College.

A strenuous hiker can cover the whole "Wissahickon Trail" in four hours, starting at the Ridge Avenue entrance at 1.25 p.m., and reaching Chestnut Hill at Germantown Avenue in time to connect with the 5.51 train from Chestnut Hill Station. But an earlier start should be made to allow for a stop at Valley Green as well as for other desirable stops on the way. For additional summary itineraries of various hiking tours through the valley, see "The Trolley Tripper's Wissahickon," page 138. These hikes cover the whole valley in a series of long and short trips.

THE CAVE OF KELPIUS

Leading down from Hermit's Lane a footpath by the side of the "Hermitage Estate" brings one to the anchorite cell of the famous hermit of the Wissahickon.

IV

Short Hikes to Historic Spots

TO APPRECIATE fully the beauty of the Wissahickon numerous short trips should be made with some special objective. Following are directions how to visit four important historic centres in the valley, including some account of their historical associations.

THE KELPIUS CAVE

A pilgrimage to the cave of Kelpius is a worthwhile historic hike. Walk up the main path at the Ridge Avenue entrance, following the west bank of the creek to Hermit's Lane, and turn left up the lane to the "Hermitage Estate" at the top of the hill. This walk can be made in a half hour. To reach the cave and the spring, turn left on the path next to the wire fence, and outside of the property (See p. 21).

To enjoy fully the romantic story of Johann Kelpius and his associates, the historic hiker should carry with him to Hermit's Glen Dr. Julius Sachse's *"The German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania."* In the five hundred pages of this book he will find both in text and illustrations much that is quaint and curious relating to "The Woman in the Wilderness" and "The Hermits on the Wissahickon." Here he may see Dr. Christopher Witt's portrait of Kelpius, now in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and famous as the first oil painting made in America; the autograph of Kelpius; a facsimile page from his diary; facsimile pages from the Kelpius hymnbook; the autograph of the humble tailor of Germantown in whose home Kelpius wrote "A Loving Moan of the Disconsolate Soul"; the autograph of Daniel Geissler, Kelpius's confidential assistant, who is authority for the fanciful story of the hermit's death and the incident of the box or casket that was supposed to contain "the philosopher's stone"; and much besides.

No summary can set forth adequately either the picturesqueness or the importance of the hermits on the Wissahickon. Aided by Benjamin Furley, Penn's agent in Rotterdam, Kelpius and his followers arrived in Philadelphia June 23, 1694. In a diary, now in possession of the Wister family of Philadelphia, Kelpius tells of the eventful voyage of this band of Pietists, who came from Germany to seek in Penn's wilderness freedom for their religious convictions. On the evening of their arrival, some of this band of forty enthusiasts, tired as they were, betook themselves to a highland just northwest of the city proper, even then known as Fairmount, and there performed the mystic rites peculiar to St. John's Eve, involving a great fire on the hillside made of leaves, fagots and pine boughs, and concluding in the scattering of the brands down the hillside; a rite, indeed, celebrating the summer solstice and symbolizing the waning of the sun's power.

Seven years afterwards, near the Tabernacle of the Mystic Brotherhood which they had built in 1695-96 on the site now occupied by the mansion on the "Hermitage Estate," Kelpius and his associates celebrated St. John's Eve and the anniversary of their landing in Philadelphia. And then, it is recorded in the Ephrata manuscripts, "whilst engaged in their accustomed services or ceremonies in commemoration of their arrival, which they observed with solemnity, a white, obscure, moving body in the air attracted their attention, which, as it approached, assumed the form and mien of an angel. It receded into the shadows of the forest, and appeared again immediately before them as the fairest of the lovely." At last it seemed as if the harbinger of the Millennium, for

JOHANNES KELPIUS (1673-1708)

The original painting of the Hermit of the Wissahickon, now in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, was made by Dr. Christopher Witt of Germantown, and is celebrated as the first oil painting made in America (1705).

THE HERMIT'S SPRING

Near the cave of Kelpius is a small spring of ever-flowing water.

which they were always looking, had come. But, says the old Ephrata manuscript, "the luminary of the skies appeared above the hills and shed her cheerful rays to renovate the energies of the laboring man; but the bloom of darkness hung upon the waiting hermits." For the angel appeared thrice but thrice disappeared. So the legend concludes: "Kelpius and his brethren remained at the Laurea, wearing out the thread of life in retirement and patient waiting for the final drama they were to enact in the wilderness."

A legendary description of the original Tabernacle built by these hermits is given by George Lippard in one of his novels. It tells of its appearance in 1770, when its roof was crushed in as if by a hurricane, and many of the timbers were lying in a shapeless mass. Built of trunks of giant oaks and pines, the edifice was forty feet square and oriented to the points of the compass. It contained a large room for services, a schoolroom, and cells for the individual recluses. Surmounting the room was an observatory, where some of the scientific members kept nightly watch with a telescope and other instruments, so that if the Bridegroom came in the middle of the night, they would be found ready and waiting. On top of this was the emblem of the Rosicrucians, a cross within a circle, so placed that the first rays of the rising sun would flood it with rosy light.

Kelpius died in 1708 at the age of thirty-five. The romantic story of his death has come down to us in a remarkable paper written by the distinguished founder of the Lutheran Church in America, the Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. This manuscript was found in the archives of the library of the Francke Orphanage in Halle, and records how Daniel Geissler, the confidential friend and servant of Kelpius, told Dr. Muhlenberg in 1742 the following particulars of the death of the Magister:

> Kelpius among other things was of the firm belief that he would not die a natural death, and that his body would not decay, but that he would be transformed, transfigured, overshadowed and, like Elijah, be translated bodily into the spiritual world. . . .
>
> At last, on the third day, after a long silence he ceased his pleadings, and addressing himself to his faithful *famulus*, said: "My beloved Daniel, I am not to attain that which I aspired unto. I have received my answer.

BIRTHPLACE OF DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Built in 1707, this humble stone house below the level of Lincoln Drive marks also the site of the first paper mill in America.

It is that dust I am, and to dust I am to return. It is ordained that I shall die like unto all children of Adam."

Kelpius thereupon handed Geissler a box or casket, which was well secured and sealed, and told him to carry it to the Schuylkill, where the water was deep, and cast it into the river. Geissler took the casket as far as the river bank, and being somewhat of an inquisitive nature, concluded to hide the casket until after his master's death, and then possess himself of the secret of its contents.

Upon his return Kelpius raised himself up and, with outstretched hand, pointing to his *famulus*, looked him sharply in the eyes, and said: "Daniel, thou hast not done as I bid thee, nor hast thou cast the casket into the river, but hast hidden it near the shore." Geissler, now more than ever convinced of the occult powers of the dying Magister, without even stammering an excuse, hurried to the river bank, and threw the casket into the water as he was bidden.

And then, states this curious manuscript, when the mysterious casket touched the water, the "Arcanum" exploded, and for a time out of the water came flashes of lightning and peals like unto thunder.

RITTENHOUSE MILL-SITE AND BIRTHPLACE

Another easy historic hike leads to the Rittenhouse Mill-Site and the Birthplace of David Rittenhouse, located on the Lincoln Drive, at the foot of Rittenhouse Street. This hike can be made an attractive reminder of all the early historic periods—Colonial, Revolutionary and early Constitutional.

Entering the Wissahickon glen by the bridle path which begins at Ridge Avenue, the hiker follows this path over the hillside of the eastern bank to the spot where the old carriage road curves into the Lincoln Drive. Then following the carriage road across the Lincoln Drive and the little stone bridge over Monoshone Creek, or Paper Mill Run, the walker comes shortly to the site of the Rittenhouse Mill, erected in 1690. Here is the Rittenhouse homestead, built in 1707. The footpath by the side of Paper Mill Run leads to the entrance to the upper Wissahickon Drive, where on a boulder at the right is the Battle of Germantown Tablet, erected by the Sons of the American Revolution.

At the outset, on winding up the bridle path to the ridge overlooking the Reading Railroad bridge, one may recall that on the heights here a band of Hessian Jagers under Knyphausen encamped in Revolutionary days, when Philadelphia was occupied by the British. Some people still remember the redoubts that remained until the railroad bridge was built. Confirmation of this site is found in the Ephrata manuscript, which includes a Hessian letter, written at camp at the time of the Battle of Germantown, in which the writer states that the former "kloster" of Kelpius was visible from their camp. Near by occurred one of the side engagements of the Battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777. General John Armstrong, writing the day after the battle from the "Camp near the Trapp," to which Washington's Army retreated, records vividly some of the memorable doings on the day of the battle:

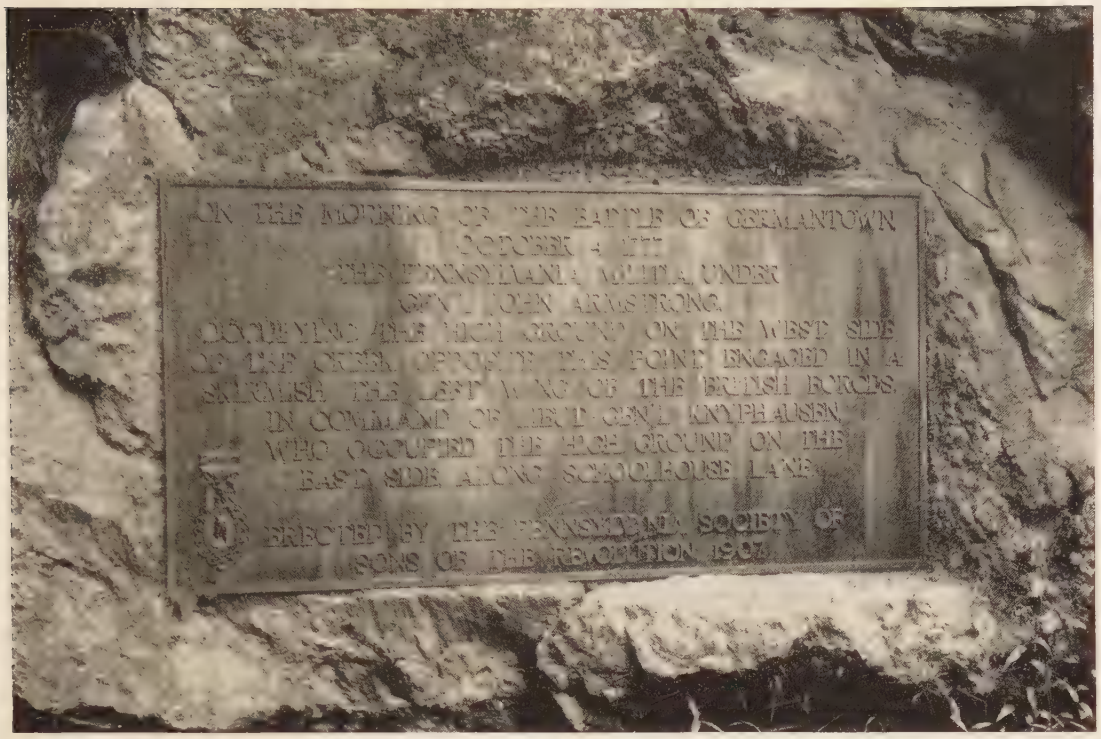
> My destiny was against the various Corps of Jermans encamped at Mr Vandurings or near the Falls. Their Light Horse discovered our approach a little before sunrise; we cannonaded from the heights on each side the Wissahickon, whilst the Riflemen on opposite sides acted on the lower ground. About nine I was called to joine the General, but left a party with the Colls. Eyers & Dunlap, & one field piece & afterwards reinforced them, which reinforcements, by the way, however did not joine them, untill after a brave resistance they were obliged to retreat, but carried off the field piece, the other I was obliged to leave in the Horrendous hills of the Wissahickon.

At the Rittenhouse Homestead one may riot in historic inspirations. Born in this humble house April 8, 1732, David Rittenhouse is a Revolutionary patriot and statesman whose life deserves to be told again and again. Great grandson of William Rittenhouse, who was the first Mennonite preacher in Pennsylvania and the builder of the first paper mill in America, he links up the Wissahickon wilderness of early Colonial days with stirring events and achievements of Revolutionary times. A tablet on the birthplace recites his offices of high honor. The historic hiker may idle a pleasant hour reading on this spot Governor Pennypacker's sketch of his life.

The rare beauty of the Rittenhouse Millsite is too frequently overlooked. The origi-

THE MONASTERY—NEAR KITCHEN'S LANE

Built by Joseph Gorgas about 1745 on land originally owned by Johannes Gumre, ancestor of Samuel J. Gummere, first president of Haverford College. In the home of Johannes Gumre was perfected the first organization of the Church of the Brethren.


ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN
OCTOBER 4 1777
THE PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA UNDER
GEN'L JOHN ARMSTRONG
OCCUPYING THE HIGH GROUND ON THE WEST SIDE
OF THE CREEK OPPOSITE THIS POINT ENGAGED IN A
SKIRMISH THE LEFT WING OF THE BRITISH FORCES
IN COMMAND OF LIEUT GEN'L KNYPHAUSEN
WHO OCCUPIED THE HIGH GROUND ON THE
EAST SIDE ALONG SCHOOLHOUSE LANE
ERECTED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION 1907

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN TABLET

At the entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Drive is this reminder of the part played by the Wissahickon in the great Revolutionary struggle.

nal mill was owned in 1690 by a company that included William Bradford, the printer, but passed to William Rittenhouse as sole owner in 1705. The property continued in the Rittenhouse family from father to son until purchased by the Park Commission in recent years.

THE MONASTERY

The Monastery is reached by leaving the main drive at Kitchen's Lane, and turning right across the bridge. Beyond the bridge the house may be approached either by roadway or footpath on the left. This secluded old mansion is sometimes lost sight of in the density of the woods and the foliage.

The "Monastery on the Wissahickon" should not be confused in any way with Kelpius and his hermit friends and successors. It was built probably after 1745 by Joseph Gorgas, "a Tunker-Baptist, who intended it as a branch of the brotherhood established at Ephrata near Lancaster and to whom he afterwards moved and joined himself." The ground by which it is surrounded was sold in March, 1747, to John Gorgas of Germantown. In 1752, he conveyed half of it to his brother Joseph, who apparently had built the west end, the large three-story stone structure, earlier than this date. For the deed of 1752 recites this structure as having been built by Joseph Gorgas "at his own proper cost and charges." Joseph Gorgas sold the property in 1761. After passing through numerous private hands it was bought by the Fairmount Park Commission. There is a record that Joseph Gorgas "held sweet communion" here with his Seventh-day Baptist friends, and a pool near Kitchen's Lane Bridge is pointed out as "The Baptisterion," where proselytes were baptized.

The most interesting facts about the Monastery and the grounds on which it is located, however, have never been made matter of general historic record. The Monastery grounds were part of a tract of eighty-two

THE CREEK AT KITCHEN'S LANE—ADJOINING THE MONASTERY

Aside from its beauty, this part of the Wissahickon is of great historic interest. Here on the estate of Johannes Gumre, December 25, 1723, were performed the first Tunker baptisms in America.

acres fronting on the Wissahickon purchased from John Cunrads and his wife in January, 1719-20, by Johannes Gumre, whose name is variously spelled and who became the ancestor of the Gummere family, distinguished in the annals of the Society of Friends and illustrious in the history of education in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Among the descendants of this early Wissahickon settler are Samuel J. Gummere, first president of Haverford College; his son, Francis J. Gummere, the famous professor of English at Haverford; his son, Dr. Richard Mott Gummere, headmaster of William Penn Charter School; and another grandson of the first president of Haverford, Henry V. Gummere, long identified with Drexel Institute, and lecturer on astronomy at Haverford. John Gummere (1784-1845), father of Samuel J. Gummere, was one of the first trustees of Haverford and became widely celebrated for his treatise on surveying and for his contributions to astronomy. He and his brother Samuel R. Gummere are also remembered for their popular schools in Burlington, N. J. A grandson of Samuel R. Gummere, William S. Gummere, was a distinguished Chief Justice of New Jersey.

Through Johannes Gumre the Monastery and its surroundings will always be identified with the founding of the Dunkard denomination in America. In his home on the Wissahickon were held some of the weekly services from which the history of the "Congregation of the Brethren" dates. In company with Peter Becker, leader of the German Baptists (whose pupil and apprentice was Conrad Beissel, a leader of the Ephrata Community on the banks of the Cocalico), Johannes Gumre in 1722 made a pilgrimage through Pennsylvania to look up and reunite the little band of twenty families who came over together in 1719. This trip was so successful that on Wednesday, December 25, 1723, a number of settlers in the German township made history. In Peter Becker's house in Bebberstown, in the upper end of Germantown, they gathered and proceeded to organize themselves into a church with Becker as their elder. Seventeen of those present had been baptized in Europe, among them Johannes Gumre and his wife Anna, but six postulants—two married couples and two single men, presented themselves and asked to be baptized. And so they were, and thus became the first Anabaptists among the High Germans in America.

Dr. Sachse gives a vivid description of this event:

> The immersions took place the same day. After a noonday meal had been served, the party went in solemn procession down the old Indian trail, long since become a highway, leading from Bebberstown, or the upper part of Germantown, to the banks of the Wissahickon, a distance of a mile and a half. The objective point was a level bank or strip of land on the estate of Johannes Gumre, near the creek, where easy access could be had to running water. The ravine of the Wissahickon makes the shore inaccessible except in certain places. The strip of land in question is about two hundred yards north of Kitchen's Lane. . . . A fervent invocation was followed by a passage from Luke xiv, when the elder advanced through the icy water, leading by the hand the first candidate for baptism, who was Martin Urner, an Alsatian. . . . Thrice each candidate was immersed, the last time having the "Segenspruch" (blessing) pronounced over him. The baptismal hymn by Alexander Mack was sung. . . . The sun had set when the rites were over, and the whole party adjourned to the house of Johannes Gumre, where dry clothing was provided. In the evening a love-feast was held and the rite of foot-washing observed, the newly appointed elder taking part as a token of his humility. . . . Thus was perfected the organization of the first "Congregation of the Brethren" in America.

Johannes Gumre sold the land upon which the Monastery now stands to his eldest son, Johannes the younger, who in turn sold the ground to Benjamin Shoemaker as shown by an indenture dated October 29, 1742. Shoemaker sold it March 2, 1746-47, to John Gorgas, whose brother Joseph erected the three story stone building now known as the Monastery.

It is not impossible that the small low east end of the Monastery was built in 1737. In the "Chronicle at Ephrata" is this entry: "In 1737 we built a house in a valley one mile from Germantown, into which we

TEDYUSCUNG—THE LAST OF THE LENAPE CHIEFS

Crowning Indian Rock, this noble statue by Massey Rhind was erected in 1902 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Henry.

moved October 10. The next year my brethren left me for Ephrata, where I soon followed." Another entry in the Ephrata Chronicle says: "the society was enlarged by members from the banks of the Wissahickon." This "house in a valley" was undoubtedly built by permission of Johannes Gumre, the younger, upon his land. It was put up as a retreat or kloster for a trio of "Solitaries" who came from Ephrata. Some accounts say, however, that this house was built of logs. Watson recites a tradition that the monks who dwelt here "used wooden blocks for pillows (like those at Ephrata) scalloped out so as to fit the head." Dressed alike in a kind of surtout, hatless, their heads covered with the hoods of their coats, the original Tunkers of Ephrata resembled Dominican friars. "Old persons now living," said Watson in 1842, "remember when forty or fifty of them would come thus attired on a religious visit from Ephrata, near Lancaster, to Germantown, walking *silently* in Indian file, and with long beards; also girt about the waist, and barefooted, or with sandals."

INDIAN ROCK AND TEDYUSCUNG

The hike to Indian Rock from the Ridge Avenue entrance to the Wissahickon is a good jaunt of five miles. As the objective of a short hike, it may be approached from Valley Green, or directly from Rex Avenue. The bridges at Valley Green and at Rex Avenue are each about a mile and a quarter from the Trolley Line, which parallels the Wissahickon Creek. From Valley Green to Indian Rock is one mile. A rocky path leads up to the summit of the cliff through an arched gateway on Rex Avenue, near the eastern end of the bridge.

The gigantic figure of the crouching Tedyuscung arrests attention at once. In itself and in its setting a masterpiece, this noble statue by Massey Rhind was erected in 1902 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Henry. The crude and gaudy-colored wooden statue which preceded it, put up by Rube Sands, proprietor of the Indian Rock Hotel, is now in the Museum of the Germantown Site and Relic Society. This well-known wooden statue displaced a roughly painted Indian figure set up in 1854 by Joseph Middleton, then owner of the ground.

Last of the Indian chiefs to leave the shores of the Delaware, the notable Lenni Lenape warrior here represented, with straining eye and tomahawk in hand, a plume of eagle feathers on his brow, is springing forth upon his journey towards the setting sun. The historians are not always flattering in their pictures of Tedyuscung. Mr. Bicknell says: "Tedyuscung was the Indians' last great chief. He was known among the Moravians as 'Honest John.' He was a man of many names, as he had been baptized 'Gieon.' He was noted as being partial to the white man and to the white man's burden—whiskey. In his cave at the lower end of the stream, Kelpius sought solitude to commune alone with the spirits. In the little cave under the rock this noble red man sought solitude for the same purpose, but not the same kind of spirits. He was eventually burned to death during a frolic with several members of his tribe in Wyoming, the house in which they were being burned to the ground." Dr. Keyser summarized him by saying: "He was no true savage—was litigious, was frequently drunk, and showed other evidences of a tendency to lapse into civilization." Even the gentle Watson says of Tedyuscung: "He was an artful, wily chief, of more than common selfishness and intrigue for an Indian, and withal was intemperate and aspiring."

It is customary to say that Indian Rock was a council seat of the Indians. We are even told that in 1764 was held here the last council of the Delaware Indians, before their removal to the Wyoming Valley. According to Watson, however, some of the Lenni Lenape tribes went off to the Wyoming Valley as early as 1757, and we know that in 1756, in consequence of depredations and high feelings against the Indians, there was organized by the Quakers in Philadelphia "the Friendly Association for regaining and preserving Peace with the Indians."

VALLEY GREEN—NATURE'S OWN PICTURE GALLERY

In every setting and in every season the bridge is transcendently beautiful.

V

Short Hikes to Scenic Spots

FOR beauty unbelievable outside the Italian Lakes, the Swiss mountains, and the English Lake District, the Wissahickon Valley is a joy forever.

Long ago this beauty was celebrated by Fannie Kemble. Long ago Poe said, "Now the Wissahickon is of so remarkable a loveliness that, were it flowing in England it would be the theme of every bard." Not so long ago Christopher Morley's mother saw its beauty for the first time, "and her heart jumped as hearts do when they are given a chance." For says Morley: "When my mother was a small girl in England there stood on her father's reading table a silk lampshade on which were painted little scenes of the world's loveliest beauty glimpses. There were vistas of Swiss mountains, Italian lakes, French cathedrals, Dutch canals, English gardens. And then, among these fabled glories, there was a tiny sketch of a scene that chiefly touched my mother's girlish fancy. She did not ever expect to see it, but often, as the evening lamplight shone through it, her eye would examine its dainty charm. It was called 'The Wissahickon Drive, Philadelphia, U. S. A.'"

In the thousand and one scenes of enchantment every wanderer in the Wissahickon Valley knows best his favorite views. But even nature has its masterpieces, and at least a few hikes may be taken by everybody to spots where woods, or cliffs, or creek or valley show supreme.

VALLEY GREEN—SUMMER AND WINTER

The beauty of Valley Green knows no seasons. For a short hike the walk to Valley Green Bridge at Springfield Avenue, combined with a mile up or down the drive is adequate. The approach to the bridge may be from St. Martin's Station (one mile); or from Trolley Route 23 (about a mile and a quarter).

Valley Green is nature's own picture gallery. To talk about its beauties is to paint the lily. The bridge in every setting and in every season is transcendently beautiful. The drive is a veritable forest of Arden. The creek in spring time is a golden dream of fairyland. The old Wise Mill Dam, embowered in sultry summer's sheltering leaves and flowers, and taking its toll of the hungry stone-eating waters, seems rather a spot not made by man but made by Nature for herself.

DEVIL'S POOL AND THE LIVEZEY HOUSE

Devil's Pool is best reached from Valley Green by taking the footpath on the eastern bank and going down stream to the mouth of Cresheim Creek. A rustic bridge leads over the gorge at the mouth of the creek, near the spot where it empties into the Wissahickon.

Known as "Devil's Hole," the ravine here widens out into Cresheim Valley. Through it flows the tiny creek whose waters gather into the placid basin known as Devil's Pool, before they go leaping and plunging into the stream of the Wissahickon. Legendary lore struggles hard to give this glen a place in Indian mythology by calling it sometimes a place of Indian worship, sometimes a spot where the good and evil spirits met and fought it out. But here it is enough to see Nature's own picture of the timeless struggle waged endlessly by enduring waters against the giant rocky barriers upheld by mother earth. The Devil's Pool is one of Nature's own sanctuaries.

Continuing on the path that leads down from Valley Green, in a short walk from the

THE DEVIL'S POOL—CRESHEIM CREEK

Nature's own picture of the endless struggle waged by enduring waters against giant rocky barriers upheld by mother earth.

RUSTIC BRIDGE AT DEVIL'S POOL

This favorite spot for hiking parties is the point of departure for a tramp through the Cresheim Valley. The path on the right of Cresheim Creek is only for the hardy.

Devil's Pool, one reaches the Livezey House. What it is that conspires to make the ravishing charm of this old Colonial stone structure, hidden in the heart of the glen, adopted companion of friendly trees, and held in the embrace of clinging vines and shrubbery, would be difficult to say. But the Livezey House surely for stately rusticity is matched only by the rough-hewn wilderness home of John Bartram.

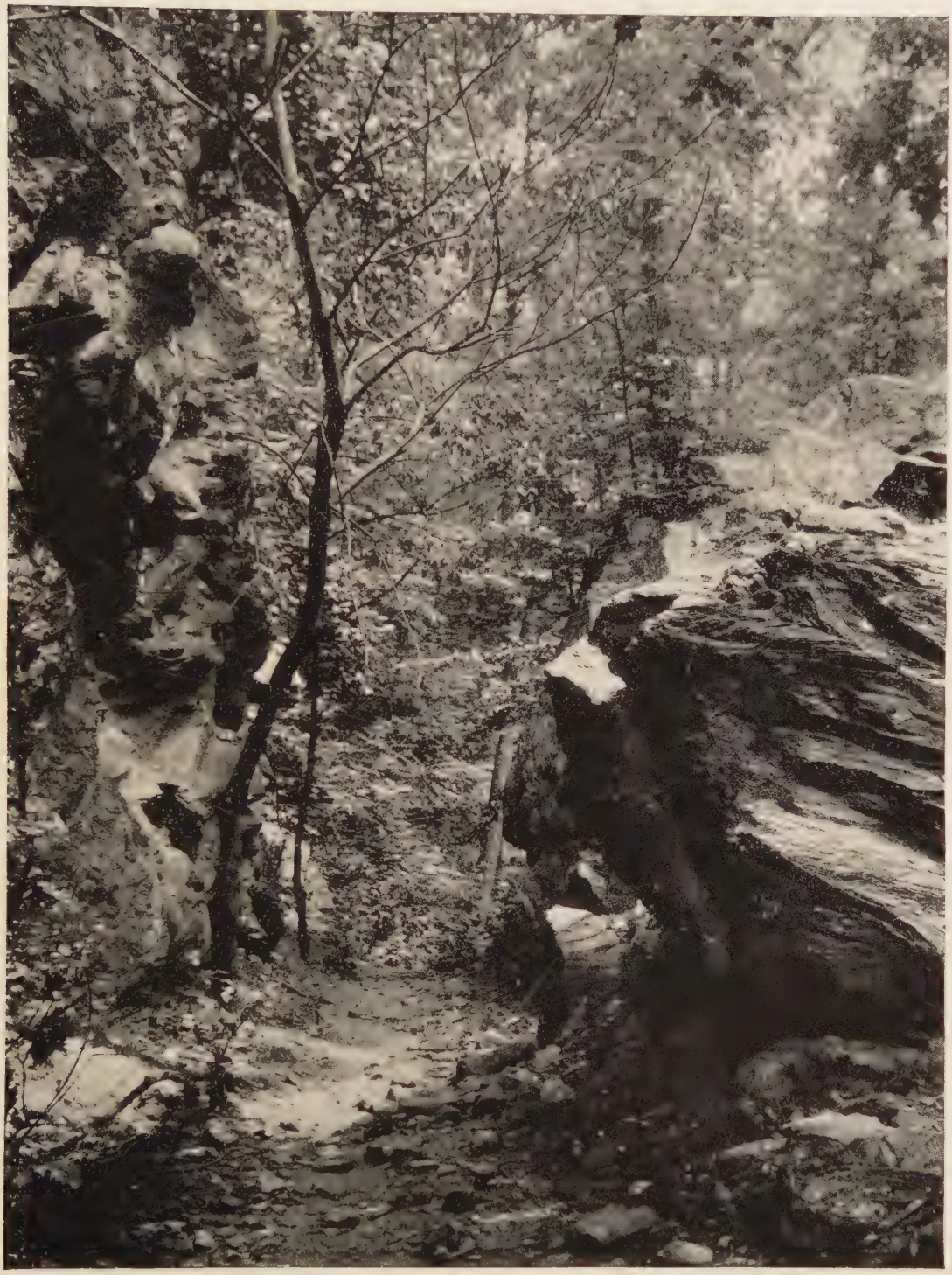
THE VALLEY FROM MOM RINKER'S ROCK

A scenic hike of never-failing delight is that to Mom Rinker's Rock, particularly in the autumn. If the upper drive is entered at Rittenhouse Bridge, this famous cliff may be reached by continuing on the drive to Kitchen's Lane and, after crossing Kitchen's Lane Bridge, by following down stream the footpath which leads up to the cliff. It may also be reached by the main footpath, beginning at the Blue Stone Bridge.

The footpath approach to the terraced front of Mom Rinker's Rock, cut through a high rift in the cliff, is itself a picture of arresting beauty. As the hiker stands on the precipitous ledge and uplifts his eyes to the jutting mass of rock above, the view is inspiring. As he climbs to the rugged height above, and looks with Penn over the wooded valley, he claps his hands with joy and sings hymns of praise. Here one forgets whether Mom Rinker was a witch or a Revolutionary heroine.

THE LIVEZEY HOUSE—BUILT IN 1696

Ancestral home of a family notable in the annals of Philadelphia and the scene of fighting during the Revolution, this picturesque old house is now the headquarters of the Valley Green Canoe Club.



PATH TO MOM RINKER'S ROCK—NEAR KITCHEN'S LANE

It leads to the summit of the massive cliff where stands the statue of "Toleration."

THE OLD DAM AT WISE'S MILL ROAD

In summer time a scene of enchantment. It seems a spot not made by man but made by Nature for herself.

VI

Short Hikes to Romantic Spots

AT GORGAS LANE, one half mile beyond Allen's Lane, is one of the chief distractions from the main driveway. Nearby are the so-called "Caves of the Wissahickon," back of which lurks an industrial romance.

GORGAS LANE AND ITS CAVES

Turning into Gorgas Lane, one soon sees on the left the remains of the "Haunted Mill," burned down, it is said, seventeen times. By the side of the road runs a little stream called "Oil Mill Run." The road crosses this stream, and here a path leads back to the Gorgas Caves.

At the foot of a large buttonwood tree, close to the main driveway, a ten foot hole once led to a tunnel cut for some forty or fifty feet into the solid rock and terminating in a large chamber. "This excavation," says Mr. Bicknell, who some years ago personally explored this cave, "was made in 1763-64 by the Roxborough Mining Company, which leased five acres from Jacob Livezey, and proceeded to search for hidden treasure, which had been located on the land with a 'divining rod' in the hands of the followers of Kelpius. The opening was originally on the bank of the creek and was by a closed door. During the Revolution provisions were hidden here to keep them from the Hessians, who scoured the country. The entrance became choked up, and its existence was forgotten for many years until rediscovered in 1854 by Horatio Gates Jones, who had found among some old papers the original agreement drawn up by the members of the Mining Company."

A Park sign at the corner of the drive dismisses this story by venturing another explanation: "Natural Cave."

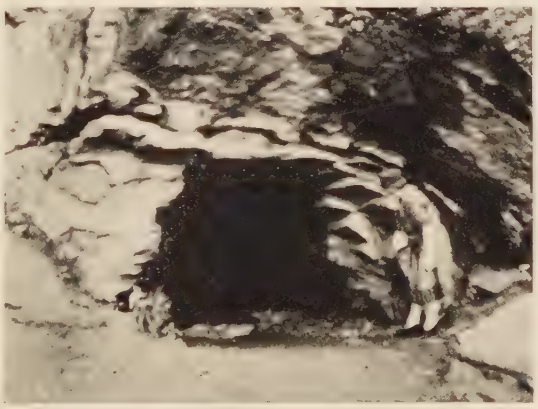
LOVER'S LEAP

Perhaps the most romantic hike in the whole Wissahickon is the trip to a close-up view of Lover's Leap.

Coming from the south, one enters the main footpath at the Ridge Avenue entrance, and follows the west bank to Hermit's Lane Bridge. Coming from Rittenhouse Street, one follows either the drive or the bridle path to the same bridge. At the west end of Hermit's Lane Bridge the main footpath continues northward and climbs up to the cliff high on the ridge. Lover's Leap may also be approached by the path at the west end of the Blue Stone Bridge.

Lover's Leap is too good a cliff to be without its legend (See page 11).

LOVER'S LEAP



CAVE ON GORGAS LANE

WHERE LOVERS OF TREES AND WILD FLOWERS WANDER

A mere catalogue of the chief trees and flowers discoverable in the valley is as exciting as a Walt Whitman poem.

VII

Hikes for Nature Lovers

LOVERS of trees, wild flowers, and mosses should consult the detailed publications designed to aid them in enjoying the Wissahickon, in particular the admirable articles in Daly's *The Wissahickon* by Mr. Alexander MacElwee, onetime president of the Philadelphia Botanical Club, and by Mr. George B. Kaiser, an enthusiastic student of the lower plant life. Dr. Ehrenfeld's "Outlines of Wissahickon Geology" will be found useful by geologist and geographer.

FOR LOVERS OF TREES, WILD FLOWERS, AND MOSSES

A mere catalogue of the chief trees and flowers discoverable in the valley is as exciting as a Walt Whitman poem: hemlocks, Norway spruce, Scotch pine, white pine, red pine, yellow pine, willows; silver leaf poplar, large-toothed aspen, black walnut, the butternut, the American beech, the American elm, the white oak, the red oak, the pin oak, the bear oak, the rock chestnut oak,

WALL GARDEN PLANTS

Thrift, Bishop's-hat and Woolley Mouse-ear Chick-weed, growing on the estate of Dr. George Woodward, near Cresheim Valley.

A FAIRYLAND OF FERNS

For beauty of lower plant life or for richness in specimens for scientific study the Wissahickon Valley has no equal in any great city of the world.

THE WOOD THRUSH IN ITS NEST

In the Wissahickon woods America's finest songster is heard at his best. Other birds are found in great numbers and variety.

the silver maple, the Negundo maple; the mulberry, the hackberry; the tulip poplar; the spice bush and the sassafras of the laurel family; the plane tree, or buttonball, or buttonwood, or sycamore; the wild hydrangea, and the witch hazel; the white ash, the catalpa, the Japanese Paulownia, the ailanthuses; the sumac, wild cherry, hawthorn; dogwood; wild azaleas, and mountain laurel; and along with these—grasses, sedges, rushes; and numerous wild flowers, including the yellow adder's-tongue, the grape hyacinth, Solomon's seal, and Indian cucumber root.

As to ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi and slime moulds, Mr. Kaiser says: "So rich is this Valley of the Upper Wissahickon in all these forms of lower plant life that here is presented, for scientific research and constant enlightening study, a field which can never be replaced, a field so valuable to the student that to our knowledge it has not its like near any great city of the world."

FOR LOVERS OF BIRDS

Lovers of birds owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. William Henry Trotter for his contribution on the "Birds of the Wissahickon," included in Mr. Daly's *The Wissahickon*. "Although there is no season of the year," he says, "when some birds may not be found there, spring and early summer mark the flood tide of number and variety." May is the height of the migration period. In June the native birds are at their best.

In the Wissahickon woods the fortunate observer may see the Kentucky Cardinal, in all his splendor; the Scarlet Tanager; the Rough Wing Swallow; the Red-eyed Vireo and the Yellow-throated Vireo. He may hear also Audubon's Ferruginous Mockingbird, the Maryland Yellow-throat, the Blue-Winged Warbler, the Yellow-breasted Chat, the Carolina Wren, the Oven-bird, the Kentucky Warbler, the Worm-eating Warbler, the Louisiana Water Thrush, the Kingfisher, the Spotted Sandpiper, the Phoebe Flycatcher, the Acadian Flycatcher, the Crested Flycatcher, the Wood Pewee, the Flicker, the Downy Woodpecker, the White-breasted Nuthatch, the Tufted Titmouse, the Bluejay, and Crows, Owls, and Hawks aplenty. Here "America's finest songster," the Wood Thrush, is at his best.

WHERE IDLE DREAMERS ROAM

In some untrodden corner of the wooded valley the aimless hiker may perchance find the Wissahickon's greatest wonders.

VIII

Hikes for Idle Dreamers

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

. . . . . .

With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

—Wordsworth.

As EVERY lover of the Wissahickon knows, besides the charted footpaths, drives and bridle paths, there are hidden in the woodland and along the rocky banks of the creek favorite spots known only to the idle wanderer. With book in hand, or with only "Thought and Love" as companions of his way, the hiker may find in some untrodden corner of the wooded valley its greatest wonders. Every idle dreamer will of course make his own path to his own will-o'-the-wisp, nevertheless the Wissahickon possesses a few secrets that every devotee of the valley should share.

POE'S ELK

There is a spot in the Wissahickon valley that once was known to Poe.

Here on a sultry day, floating in a skiff, overcome by the heat, he sank into a half slumber. Then his imagination began to revel. It revelled, he says, "in visions of the Wissahickon of ancient days—of the 'good old days' when the Demon of the Engine was not, when pic-nics were undreamed of, when 'water privileges' were neither bought nor sold, and when the red man trod alone with the elk, upon the ridges that now lowered above." And then the elk appeared. "I saw, or dreamed that I saw, standing upon the extreme verge of the precipice, with neck outstretched, with ears erect, and the whole attitude indicative of profound and melancholy inquisitiveness, one of the oldest and boldest of those identical elks which had been coupled with the red men of my vision." Then came the novelty of the adventure. "I arose upon one knee within the skiff, and, while I hesitated whether to stop my career, or let myself float nearer to the object of my wonder, I heard the words 'hist! hist!' . . . In an instant afterwards, a negro emerged from the thicket, putting aside the bushes with care, treading stealthily." And then he held towards the elk—a handful of salt! The noble animal bowed and stamped, quietly lay down, and was secured with a halter! And thus ended Poe's romance of the elk. "It was a *pet* of great age and very domestic habits, and belonged to an English family occupying a villa in the vicinity."

A CHOICE SPOT FOR AN IDLE WANDERER

Somewhere along the Wissahickon may yet perchance be found "the philosopher's stone."

Who knows when or where the idle hiker roaming in the Wissahickon Valley may not hit again upon some worthy descendant of Poe's engaging elk. A few years ago sixteen deer were released to shift for themselves in the Wissahickon forest.

ANNA'S ALOE

Some day, somewhere, wandering through the Wissahickon, the idle dreaming roamer may stumble upon "Anna's aloe," a greater find indeed than Poe's elk.

Everyone who knows Whittier's poem on Pastorius knows the story of Anna's aloe. With ancient Germantown as its deep background, *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* eternalizes the fresh fragrance, the subtle scents, the trees heavy with clustered bloom, the century-rooted mosses, the unscared birds, the brooks making merry over roots and rushes, the still flowing waters, the green vistas of the woodlands, Sommerhausen's vales of shade, Cresheim's files of home-bound cows, and all the wonders and miracles of the nearby Wissahickon. And, so the story goes, when the cherished ideal of Pastorius for peaceful brotherhood and universal freedom seemed to fail with the frailty of men, then Anna, wife of the man who first lifted voice against human slavery in America, up-cheered him, touching with finger-tip an aloe, "rife with leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife, or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn from the rare gardens of John Evelyn, brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen." For this strange plant unfolds only year by year until the young eyes that watched it first are old, and then suddenly the century-moulded bud bursts into beauty, brightness, and perfume. "What if the vision tarrieth?" cried Anna. And so Pastorius learned, "In an hour we dream not of the slow-grown bud may flower, and what is sown in weakness rise in power."

Lucky hiker who hunts in the Wissahickon Valley for "Anna's aloe," the century blooming plant that "flowered at last," even "were the plant itself but mythical."

POE'S ELK

A reproduction of the illustration that accompanied Poe's now famous "Morning on the Wissahiccon," published in *The Opal* in 1844.

THE KELPIUS "ARCANUM"

Still another "unexpected find" may befall the idle dreamer roaming in the Wissahickon Valley—"the philosopher's stone."

No story of Kelpius in his hermit's den seems quite so to justify the conception of him "as a wizard over arts forbid" as the fantastic tradition of his death, and the sensational incident which suggests that "the philosopher's stone" may still be found somewhere in the region of the Wissahickon. When Daniel Geissler, household friend and servant of Kelpius, at the time of the death of the hermit, dropped the mysterious casket into the depths of the nearby Schuylkill and it exploded, who knows but that "the stone of wisdom" was not then set free to be carried by some wise fish to the waters of the upper Wissahickon creek, there to lie in some rocky hollow where it yet may be found by an idle wanderer dreaming still of untrodden paths of truth.

WHERE BOATMEN LOVE TO LINGER

The true beauty of the Wissahickon, Edgar Allan Poe first declared, must be appreciated from a boat.

IX

Boating and Canoeing on the Creek

BOATING and canoeing have long been popular pastimes on the waters of the Wissahickon.

BOATING ON THE LOWER CREEK

From early summer until late fall good boats are on hire at two places on the west bank of the creek between the mouth of the Wissahickon and Hermit's Lane Bridge. The range for rowing is not great but most youthful Philadelphians have braved at some time the mild dangers of the dam below, or risked the spell of romance by passing under Hermit's Lane Bridge to the enticing shades made by the wooded steeps of bold and rocky Lover's Leap.

It was Edgar Allan Poe who first pointed out that the true beauty of the Wissahickon must be appreciated from a boat. In his "*Morning on the Wissahiccon*" he says: "I would advise the adventurer who would behold its finest points to take the Ridge Road, running westwardly from the city, and, having reached the second lane beyond the sixth milestone, to follow this lane to its termination. He will thus strike the Wissahiccon, at one of its best reaches, and, in a skiff, or by clambering along its banks, he can go up or down the stream, as best suits his fancy, and in either direction will meet his reward." It was while "floating in a skiff on the bosom of the Wissahiccon" that Poe dreamed the amusing adventure destined to live in the literary annals of the region. (See page 109)

The modern boatman on the Wissahickon will find Poe's pen-picture of 1844 still true to nature:

"I have already said, or should have said, that the brook is narrow. Its banks are generally, indeed almost universally, precipitous, and consist of high hills, clothed with noble shrubbery near the water, and crowned at a greater elevation, with some of the most magnificent forest trees of America, among which stands conspicuous the *liriodendrum tulipiferum*. The immediate shores, however, are of granite, sharply-defined or moss-covered, against which the pellucid water lolls its gentle flow. . . . Occasionally in front of the cliffs, extends a small definite *plateau* of richly herbaged land. . . . The windings of the stream are many and abrupt, as is usually the case where banks are precipitous, and thus the impression conveyed to the voyager's eye, as he proceeds, is that of an endless succession of infinitely varied small lakes, or, more properly speaking, tarns. The Wissahiccon, however, should be visited . . . amid the brightest glare of a noonday sun; for the narrowness of the gorge through which it flows, the height of the hills on either hand, and the density of the foliage, conspire to produce a gloominess, if not an absolute dreariness of effect, which, unless relieved by a bright general light, detracts from the mere beauty of the scene."

CANOEING ON THE UPPER STREAM

The favorite sport of the Upper Wissahickon, however, is canoeing. The Park Commissioners have encouraged this sport by issuing individual licenses for canoes and by providing the historic *Livezey House* as headquarters for the *Valley Green Canoe Club*. This canoe centre may be reached either by canoe or by footpath from Valley Green; or, by Livezey's Lane, from its intersection with Allen's Lane.

Under the auspices of the Valley Green Canoe Club, founded September 10, 1909, and chartered April 2, 1914, canoeing has become an exciting sport at Valley Green. With a membership as high sometimes as fifty the club has held on Memorial Day and in the fall notable regattas and contests for

BOATING ON THE LOWER CREEK

Above Hermit's Lane Bridge, in the shadows of Lover's Leap, is the favorite spot for idle rowing.

SKATING ON THE LOWER CREEK

Throughout the winter season skaters throng the lower creek as well as the ice field at Valley Green Skating clubs are a feature of nearby schools.

canoeists. The contests have included tilting, obstacle races, and various events for quads and singles. Every fall the canoeists contend eagerly for a trophy awarded to the winners of the distance race to Erdenheim Farms in the White Marsh Valley. The contestants paddle from Valley Green to Erdenheim Farms and back. They have their utmost skill tested by three rapids and three carries each way. This contest was first won by J. Russell Hawley and S. L. Read. Once requiring a half-day, this race has been cut to an hour and a half, some of the canoeists having become as skillful as a Maine skipper among Maine rocks. Social gatherings of the club are sometimes enlivened by the story of "The Headless Hessian" and other legends gathered by the club's historian, Albert H. Mainwaring.

Sometimes canoeists from the Schuylkill River find their way to the upper Wissahickon. The chief headquarters for these canoeists is on the east bank of the Schuylkill south of the Trolley Bridge, where in 1913 the Park Commission constructed a canoe house capable of holding one hundred and ninety-two canoes, with provision for eighty lockers for women.

WINTER SPORTS

Aside from sleighing, the chief winter sport of the Wissahickon is skating. At Valley Green and on the lower Wissahickon the sport is at its best. Nutting is practically a lost sport because of the complete elimination of the Chestnut tree.

HOLIDAY CANOEING ON THE UPPER STREAM

HERE IS TESTED THE CANOEIST'S SKILL

© Elvino V. Smith

MAP OF WISSAHICKON PARK AND ITS ENVIRONS

Almost one-third the total acreage of Fairmount Park, the Wissahickon, including Cresheim Valley Park and the Houston Ramble, embraces 1,098 acres.

X

The Wissahickon from a Motor Car

A TOUR of the Wissahickon in the family car will prove a unique idea to many motorists. The restriction of the Upper Wissahickon Drive to hikers, horsemen and drivers has led to the belief that little or nothing can be seen of the Wissahickon by automobilists. Planned to reach every bridge over the Wissahickon creek accessible to automobiles (and that is all but one), the following itinerary demonstrates the possibility of seeing in a car most of the beauties and many of the places of importance in this wonderful valley.

WISSAHICKON ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN DRIVE

The motorist who begins his tour at the Ridge Avenue entrance to the Wissahickon should drive first to some point of vantage on the Ridge where he may drink in the beauty of the overflowing dam at this historic spot (See pp. 2 and 59). Following the drive leisurely past the second dam, he may enjoy all the scenic beauties of the Lower Wissahickon. He may use *Wissahickon Hall* as a watering station; may remember that Gypsy Lane, adjoining it, leads into School Lane, which was first opened in 1702; he may catch flashes of horsemen on the bridle path high on the right; and watch the idle rowers boating on the lower creek.

OVER HERMIT'S LANE

At Hermit's Lane Bridge, the motorist turns across the bridge and up the hill to the "Hermitage Estate," on the left. Here he should alight and visit Hermit's Glen, the Kelpius Cave and Spring (See pp. 9 and 87).

The mansion under the brow of the hill was built by Evan Prowattan in 1848. It is occupied at present by the Secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission. It once belonged to Col. Benjamin Chew of Germantown. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell lived in it when he was writing the opening chapters of *"Hugh Wynne."* Prior to 1848 the property belonged to the Righter family for 125 years. It originally was part of a tract granted to Thomas B. Vicaris by William Penn in 1689.

On returning to the Wissahickon, cars may be parked near the shelter house on the west bank of the creek. Here boats may be hired, if desired. By following northward the footpath on the west bank, beginning at Hermit's Lane Bridge, one may climb to *Lover's Leap* (See p. 11).

REVERSE TO RITTENHOUSE BRIDGE

Continuing north on the drive, the motorist quickly reaches Rittenhouse Bridge, the entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Drive, officially closed to motor traffic.

The beauties of the creek before reaching Rittenhouse Bridge are too exceptional to be overlooked. The new bridge to connect Roxborough and Germantown is planned to span the valley between Hermit's Lane and the Rittenhouse Bridge.

Cars may be parked near the entrance, for a worthwhile short walk over the forbidden drive to the Blue Stone Bridge, which displaced the famous "Old Red Bridge." The carriage road, which here crosses the bridge to the west bank, now follows the creek to the County Line, and is the original Wissahickon Turnpike, first opened in 1826. On a great rock at the entrance is the Germantown Battle Tablet (See p. 91).

ACROSS WALNUT LANE BRIDGE

Officially Lincoln Drive begins beyond Rittenhouse Bridge. Continuing northward from the bridge, on the left, is Monoshone Creek, or Paper Mill Run; deep down be-

THE WILLIAM LEONIDAS FOUNTAIN

The beauty of this spring on the drive near Hermit's Lane Bridge is too frequently missed by those who hurry by.

THE WISSAHICKON ENTRANCE TO THE LINCOLN DRIVE

Here may begin a motor tour that covers in a little over sixteen miles the whole of the Wissahickon Valley. See the summary mileage itinerary on page 133.

low the Drive is seen the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, and the site of the first paper mill in America. (See pp. 88 and 89.)

Walnut Lane Bridge is reached by following the Lincoln Drive to Wissahickon Avenue, which crosses Walnut Lane. The views of the valley from Walnut Lane Bridge are superb at all seasons and especially gorgeous in autumn.

THROUGH KITCHEN'S LANE TO THE RIDGE

A devious but interesting route, as shown in the summary itinerary given below, brings the motorist to Kitchen's Lane, a poor road for travelling in bad weather. The views from the bridge in either direction are exceptionally good. A short climb up the path at the left of the bridge brings one to Mom Rinker's Rock, and the statue of "Toleration." A path, or better the road on the right, leads to the Monastery.

The steep rough road across the creek, continuous with Kitchen's Lane, becomes Roxborough Avenue, and leads to Ridge Avenue. On the way are many reminders of the Levering family, whose name is perpetuated in street, school, church and ceme-

A MASTERPIECE IN CONCRETE

The views up and down the valley from the Walnut Lane Bridge are never disappointing.

AT RITTENHOUSE BRIDGE—NO ADMITTANCE FOR MOTORS

Cars may be parked at this entrance to the Upper Wissahickon Drive while a visit is made to the Blue Stone Bridge or other places.

tery, as well as in the annals of Roxborough. Jacob Levering, sometimes referred to as "the spy of the Wissahickon," was one of the "Green Boys," a band of independent young patriots during the Revolution who have passed into legendary history for notable exploits with the marauding Hessians. His ancestor Wigert Levering came to Germantown in 1685 and to Roxborough in 1692, with his son William. The Leverings subsequently intermarried with the Righters, who bought the land which once belonged to Kelpius and his Mystic Community. William Levering was a devoted friend of Johann Gottfried Seelig, for a time successor of Kelpius as Magister of the Wissahickon Hermits. His death is entered in the Levering family Bible: "John Sealy, hermit, died April 26, 1745, aged 77 years." At his burial were Conrad Matthai, the anchorite; Daniel Geissler, the former servant to Kelpius; and Christopher Witt, celebrated in the annals of Germantown; all originally members of the Community on the Wissahickon.

ALLEN'S LANE BRIDGE—FROM THE NORTH

At the east end of this bridge begins the most picturesque section of the main foot trail.

THE TRELLISED BRIDGE AT KITCHEN'S LANE

The motorist may visit from this point Mom Rinker's Rock and also the Monastery. The views from the centre of the bridge should not be missed.

As an inventory of the estate of a "hermit," the inventory of Seelig's estate is exceptionally interesting: "25 shirts, 4 coats, 2 jackets, 2 hats, 2 pairs of shoes and slippers, 7 pairs of linen drawers, 3 planes, 2 saws, 1 glue-pot, 54 glass bottles, 5 book-binder's presses, 1 Saddle and bridle, 1 scale, gold and silver weights, 5 Bibles, 14 books, 10 works of Jacob Böhme, 120 Latin, Dutch and Greek books." A tradition in the Levering family says that "Seelig, while living on the Levering farm, predicted men's lives, when requested, after the manner of the astrologers of the middle ages."

VIA ALLEN'S LANE TO THE LIVEZEY HOUSE

Allen's Lane is reached from the Ridge by way of Leverington Avenue and Allen's Lane Bridge across the Wissahickon.

The beauty of the Wissahickon Drive at its crossing with Allen's Lane is incomparable. By parking on the east side of the bridge the motorist may in a short time, by walking northward along the main footpath.

THE PATH NEAR ALLEN'S LANE

A ten minutes' walk from Allen's Lane Bridge along this trail will reveal some of the best scenery of the main footpath.

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

On Springfield Avenue close to Valley Green is this unique memorial to boys who gave their lives in the recent war.

see the most wonderful section of the whole Wissahickon (See p. 79).

Livezey's Lane, unfortunately, is in most deplorable condition, but the persistent and daring motorist will enjoy inexpressible rewards in venturing to the Livezey House and Dam, and in including the short walk to the Devil's Pool.

LIVEZEY LANE TO SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

In going from the Livezey House to Valley Green the motorist passes through a very attractive section of suburban Germantown. On McCallum Street he crosses the bridge over Cresheim Valley Park, a recent extension of the Wissahickon section of Fairmount Park, with its added driveway. On Springfield Avenue he sees the unusual *Wayside Shrine,* put up as a memorial to "the boys who gave their lives in the Great War." On the left, just short of the Valley Green Bridge, is the end of the bridle path. The rustic pavilion on the footpath beyond Springfield Avenue deserves a visit.

Valley Green is the chief centre of the Wissahickon Valley open to motorists.

LINGERING NEAR THE BRIDGE AT VALLEY GREEN

ARCHED ENTRANCE TO INDIAN ROCK

Here the main footpath leads on to Chestnut Hill. A turn to the right brings one to the statue of Tedyuscung.

Springfield Avenue is the only approach. Cars may be parked here, and ample opportunity is thus had to explore and enjoy Valley Green Inn and all the immediate pleasures of this region.

FROM VALLEY GREEN TO REX AVENUE

A pleasant feature of the drive from Valley Green to Indian Rock Bridge at Rex Avenue is the glimpse one gets of Chestnut Hill Academy and the attractive St. Martin's Cricket Club.

The visitor to Indian Rock should not fail to enjoy the beauty of the bridge from the drive. The creek below Rex Avenue is also justly celebrated. No one should fail to climb the steps through the arched gateway and get a close view of Tedyuscung, the great Lenape warrior.

REX AVENUE BRIDGE TO THOMAS MILL ROAD BRIDGE

From Rex Avenue to Thomas Mill Road is a charming three quarters of a mile. The

THE BRIDGE AT VALLEY GREEN IN WINTER TIME

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE PASTIME

Feeding the geese and ducks is an enjoyable sport for children and grown-ups at Valley Green.

Mill Road, however, is absolutely discouraging to the motorist because of its steep, stony and exceptionally poor condition. One must be an enthusiast and determined on making a record for completing the Wissahickon tour in a car to continue down to the Thomas Mill Road Bridge. Seen under favorable conditions, however, this last of the covered bridges is unspeakably beautiful.

THOMAS MILL ROAD TO BELL'S MILL ROAD

On the way from Thomas Mill Road to Bell's Mill Road, sometimes known as Thorp's Lane, the motorist who reads maps searches in vain for "Sugar Loaf Drive." Map-makers are too frequently concerned with what is "projected" rather than with what "is." However, over good streets and past beautiful Chestnut Hill homes he soon reaches this excellent road, and finds satisfaction in seeing the last of the ten bridges over the Wissahickon creek within the limits of Fairmount Park. Seen from the right spot and under the right conditions of summer foliage, the Thorp's Lane Bridge represents the Wissahickon's climax of scenic beauty. Leveling down close to the water's edge, the footpath beyond this bridge is a genuine Indian trail.

In returning to the city the motorist may either return to Germantown Avenue or continue over Bell's Mill Road to Ridge Avenue. If he is ambitious to see the Andorra Nurseries on City Line Avenue at the end of the Wissahickon Drive, he should return to Germantown Avenue, and go left to City Line Avenue. Here he turns left again to the Nurseries, a half mile away.

HARTWELL AVENUE BRIDGE

The street at the east end of the bridge leads up into Chestnut Hill.

PARKED CARS AT VALLEY GREEN

At Valley Green motorists may leave their cars while they visit afoot up or down the drive, or hike along the footpath.

Summary Mileage Itinerary of the Wissahickon

Following is a summary mileage itinerary covering all points of importance in the Wissahickon Valley that can be reached by motor car. To follow this trip completely from start to finish is a real adventure in automobiling.

0.0 *Wissahickon Drive*, at Ridge Avenue Entrance.
0.9 *Hermit's Lane Bridge;* turn left up very steep hill.
1.4 *Hermitage Estate*, left; path to *Kelpius Spring* and *Cave*. Reverse to
1.9 *Wissahickon Drive;* turn left.
2.2 *Rittenhouse Bridge;* park at entrance to *Upper Wissahickon Drive*, closed to motor vehicles. *Battle of Germantown Tablet.* Walk to *Blue Stone Bridge. Footpath to Lover's Leap* at west end of bridge; *footpath to Valley Green* at east end. Continue to
2.5 *Birthplace of David Rittenhouse;* site of first paper mill in America.
2.7 Wissahickon Ave.; turn left. 2.9 Walnut Lane; turn left.
3.5 Centre of *Walnut Lane Bridge.* Stop. Reverse to
3.6 Park Line; turn left. 3.9 Horter St.; turn right.
4.0 Wissahickon Ave.: turn left.

FIRST INDIAN ROCK HOTEL

An old-time picture of the historic road house once standing near Indian Rock Bridge.

REX AVENUE BRIDGE

Through the arched gateway at the east end of this bridge is the path up to Indian Rock.

4.3 Kitchen's Lane (after Westview St.); turn left down hill.
4.8 *Kitchen's Lane Bridge.* Stop. Path at left, immediately adjoining bridge, leads to *Mom Rinker's Rock,* and the statue of "Toleration." Road, or path, on right, leads to the *Monastery.* Views of creek from centre of bridge. Cross bridge and Upper Wissahickon Drive, continuing up hill (rough and steep) on Roxborough Avenue to
5.6 Ridge Ave.; turn right. 6.3 Leverington Ave.; turn right.
6.9 Cross Upper Wissahickon Drive and *Allen's Lane Bridge.* Park east end of bridge. Walk north ten minutes on *main footpath;* superlative natural features. Continue on Mt. Airy Ave., curving into
7.4 Allen's Lane.
7.6 Livezey Lane; turn left (very steep, rough, and stony).
7.9 *Livezey House;* park and walk to *Livezey Dam;* footpath at side of house to *Devil's Pool* (five minutes). Reverse to
8.2 Allen's Lane; turn left.
8.7 McCallum St.; turn left, crossing bridge over *Cresheim Valley Park* at 9.0.
9.2 Mermaid Lane; turn right. 9.3 Cherokee St.; turn left.
9.5 W. Springfield Ave.; sharp-Y, turn left, down hill.
10.4 *Valley Green Bridge,* Springfield Avenue. *Valley Green Inn.* Park. Reverse on Springfield Ave. to

OLD COVERED BRIDGE—AT THOMAS MILL ROAD

Quaint representative of an age that is past, this last covered bridge of the Wissahickon still adds to the beauty of the valley.

BELL'S MILL ROAD BRIDGE
A view from the north in leafless days.

11.3 Huron St.; turn left. Chestnut Hill Academy, on left. Continue through grounds of St. Martin's Cricket Club to
11.8 Willow Grove Ave.; turn left; and immediately left onto St. Martin's Ave. At 12.1 curve right.
12.3 Seminole St.; turn left. 12.5 Rex Ave.; turn left.
13.0 *Indian Rock Bridge,* Rex Avenue. *Arched Gateway* continues main footpath; at end of steps, side path to Indian Rock and statue of *Tedyuscung.* Reverse to
12.6 Seminole St.; turn left.
13.7 W. Chestnut Ave.; turn left, and immediately right into Thomas Mill Road (steep, stony, and exceptionally rough).
14.3 *Thomas Mill Road Bridge,* Wissahickon Creek; last of the covered bridges. Reverse to
14.9 W. Chestnut Ave.; turn left.
15.2 Crefeld St.; turn left. At 15.3 curve left.
15.8 Hampton Ave.; dead end, turn right.
16.0 Germantown Ave.; turn left; and immediately left into Bell's Mill Road.
16.4 *Bell's Mill Road* (Thorp's Lane) *Bridge;* last Wissahickon bridge in Fairmount Park. Reverse to Germantown Ave., 16.8.

17.5 Ridge Ave. at Andorra Ave.; by continuing over Bell's Mill Road.

XI

The Trolley Tripper's Wissahickon

THE wonders of the Wissahickon are more accessible to street car riders than is usually understood. The lower entrance at Ridge Avenue is reached by Route 61. The upper entrance at the County Line, Chestnut Hill, is within two blocks of Route 23, which crosses the County Line at Germantown Avenue. Rittenhouse Street entrance is the terminus of Route 52. Kitchen's Lane entrance (via Carpenter Street) can be reached by Route 53. Route 23 follows Germantown Avenue at an average distance of less than a mile and a quarter from the creek in the section in which it crosses Allen's Lane, Springfield Avenue, Hartwell Avenue, and Rex Avenue.

SUMMER AT VALLEY GREEN

THE TROLLEY TRIPPER'S WISSAHICKON

The following series of suggested trolley hikes includes and extends the admirable series prepared by the P. R. T.

Trolley Hike No. 1 **6 or 7 Miles**

THROUGH THE WISSAHICKON

(Via the Footpath)

Route 23—Germantown Ave. Change at Bethlehem Pike to City Line car. Leave car at stop immediately south of bridge over Wissahickon. Walk west—left—through wood road continuous with main footpath close to Wissahickon; down footpath to Valley Green—3 miles; to Blue Stone Bridge—3 miles; up path at west end of bridge, over Lover's Leap to Hermit's Lane Bridge and Ridge Ave.—Route 61.

Trolley Hike No. 2 **3 Miles**

THE UPPER WISSAHICKON

(Via the Footpath)

Route 23—Germantown Ave. Change at Bethlehem Pike to City Line car. Leave car at stop immediately south of bridge over Wissahickon. Walk west—left—through wood road continuous with main footpath close to Wissahickon; down footpath to Rex Ave. (Indian Rock)—2 miles; follow Rex Ave.—left—up hill to Route 23 at Bethlehem Pike—1 mile.

Trolley Hike No. 3 **4 Miles**

WISSAHICKON-CRESHEIM CREEK

(Via the Footpath)

Route 53—Wayne Ave. to Carpenter St.; follow path north to Allen Lane; left and right through Mt. Airy Ave. to Wissahickon at Allen Lane Bridge; at east end of bridge take footpath up stream to Valley Green (passing Livezey House, Devil's Pool at mouth of Cresheim Creek). Return from Valley Green by same path to Cresheim Creek; left, to Route 23—Germantown Ave.

Trolley Hike No. 4 **2 to 3 Miles**

THE LOWER WISSAHICKON

(Via the Footpath)

Route 53—Wayne Ave. to Carpenter St.; left on Carpenter St. to Kitchen's Lane, to Wissahickon; climb path at east end of bridge to Mom Rinker's Rock; on to Blue Stone Bridge; up path at west end of bridge, over Lover's Leap to Hermit's Lane Bridge and Ridge Ave.—Route 61.

Trolley Hike No. 5 **6 or 7 Miles**

THROUGH THE WISSAHICKON

(Via the Drive)

Route 23—Germantown Ave. Change at Bethlehem Pike to City Line. Walk west—left—to Andorra Nurseries; down drive and stream to Valley Green—3 miles; to Lincoln Drive—3 miles; left, to Rittenhouse Street—Route 52—Chelten Ave.; or, right, along Drive to Ridge Ave.—Route 61.

Trolley Hike No. 6 **3 Miles**

THE UPPER WISSAHICKON

(Via the Drive)

Route 23—Germantown Ave. Change at Bethlehem Pike to City Line. Walk west—left—to Andorra Nurseries; down drive and stream to Rex Ave. (Indian Rock)—2 miles; follow Rex Ave.—left—up hill to Route 23 at Bethlehem Pike—1 mile.

Trolley Hike No. 7 **4 Miles**

WISSAHICKON-CRESHEIM CREEK

(Via the Drive)

Route 53—Wayne Ave. to Carpenter St.; follow path north to Allen Lane; left and right through Mt. Airy Ave. to Wissahickon at Allen Lane Bridge; walk up drive to Valley Green; cross to east bank; right, to Cresheim Creek (Devil's Pool at rustic bridge); left, to Route 23—Germantown Ave.

Trolley Hike No. 8 **2 to 3 Miles**

THE LOWER WISSAHICKON

(Via the Drive)

Route 53—Wayne Ave. to Carpenter St.; left on Carpenter St. to Kitchen's Lane, to Wissahickon (path on right to Monastery); down Drive to Lincoln Drive; right, along Drive to Ridge Ave.—Route 61; or short cut left, along Drive, to Rittenhouse St.—Route 52—Chelten Ave.

THE WOODED PATH IN AUTUMN

XII

The Commuter's Wissahickon

THE use of trains in going to or coming from the Wissahickon is a great convenience and time-saver, particularly when one goes hiking through the whole valley. Even for reaching quickly important centres in the Wissahickon the intermediate stations can be used to great advantage.

Via Wissahickon Station, Philadelphia & Reading Railway

From the Reading Terminal, 12th and Market Streets, Wissahickon Station is twenty minutes. Numerous trains daily make stops at Spring Garden Street, Girard Avenue, Columbia Avenue, Huntingdon Street, and Twenty-second Street. Four blocks from the station is the Ridge Avenue entrance to the Wissahickon.

Via Chestnut Hill Station, Pennsylvania Railroad

Chestnut Hill Station is thirty minutes from Broad Street Station. Trains practically every half hour throughout the day make this station most convenient for starting or returning, especially when one is hiking through the whole valley. Trolley Route 23 on Germantown Avenue passes the station and should be used to or from County Line, two blocks from the upper entrance to the Wissahickon. The footpath entrance is on Germantown Avenue, south end of bridge over Wissahickon, short of County Line.

Via Intermediate Stations, Pennsylvania Railroad

The intermediate stations are useful, as follows:—

Highland.—For Indian Rock Bridge, Rex Avenue (1 mile).
St. Martins.—For Valley Green, Springfield Avenue (1 mile).
Allen Lane.—For Allen Lane Bridge (1 mile).
Carpenter.—For Kitchen's Lane Bridge (1 mile)
Tulpehocken.—For Walnut Lane Bridge (4 blocks).
Chelten Avenue, Germantown.—For Rittenhouse Street entrance (5 blocks).

WINTER ON THE CREEK

GENERAL INDEX

Aërial maps, 6, 50, 72
Allen's Lane, drive at, 22, 27; bridge, 67, 124; path near, 126; via Leverington Avenue, 125
Andorra Nurseries, 47, 49, 131
"Anna's Aloe," 49, 111
Armstrong, General John, 89
"Arcanum" of Kelpius, 111

Baptisterion, The, 91, 92
Battle of Germantown, 89; tablet, 91
Becker, Peter, 93
Bell's Mill Road, 47, 131; bridge, 46, 137
Bicknell, Joseph D., 95, 103
Bicycling through the valley, 75
Birds of the Wissahickon, 107
Blue Stone Bridge, 15
"Boating and Canoeing on the Creek," 113
Boating, on the lower creek, 112-114
Bradford, William, 91
Bridges: Allen's Lane, 67, 124; Bell's Mill Road, 46, 137; Blue Stone, 15; last covered, 44, 45; Hartwell Avenue, 132; Hermit's Lane, 11; Indian Rock, 422; Kitchen's Lane, 67, 125; Old Red Covered, 17; Reading Railway, 2; Rex Avenue, 42; Rittenhouse, 12; Thomas Mill Road, 45; Valley Green (Springfield Avenue), 32, 128, 130; Walnut Lane, 17, 18, 19, 122
Bridle path: Allen's Lane to Valley Green, 67; begins, 52; beginning of upper, 60, 61; creek from, 56; creek and bridge from, 61; crosses leafy lanes, 65; the hiker's, 73; in autumn, 58; joins footpath, 64; Kitchen's Lane to Allen's Lane, 67; old and new, 51; Rittenhouse Lane to Kitchen's Lane, 59; Rittenhouse Lane to Ridge Avenue, 53, 55

Canoeing, 113, 116, 117, 141
Cave of Kelpius, 84, 85
Caves on Gorgas Lane, 103
Chestnut Hill Station, 141
"Congregation of the Brethren," founding of, 93
Cook, John, 39
"Commuter's Wissahickon, The," 141
Covered Bridge, Thomas Mill Road, 136
Cresheim Bridge, 82
Cresheim Creek, 29, 67, 98
Cresheim Valley, 69, 99

Dams: at Ridge Avenue, 2; Livezey, 26, 29; Wise's Mill Road (Magarge), 102
Daly, T., 15, 33
Devil's Pool, 29, 97, 98, 99

Ephrata Chronicle, 87, 89, 93

Ferns, 106
First drinking fountain in Philadelphia, 40
First oil painting made in America, 86
First paper mill in America, site of, 88
Fishing in the creek, 83
Footpath: beyond Valley Green, 83; in autumn, 140; main, 75, 78; near Allen's Lane, 79, 80, 126; of Lower Wissahickon, 75; through forest glen, 81; through pillared rocks, 79; of Upper Wissahickon, 77; where tree-lovers wander, 104
Four-in-hand, over the drive in a, 28; a veteran at Valley Green, 33
Friends of the Wissahickon, dedication to, 1

Gardens and gardeners, 49
Geissler, Daniel, 85, 87
German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania, 85
Germantown Avenue, 49
Germantown Battle Tablet, 15, 91
Germantown Site and Relic Society, 95
Gorgas, Joseph, 91
Gorgas Lane Caves, 103
"Great Mill, The," 27, 28
Gumre, Johannes, 93; ancestor of Samuel J. Gummere, first president of Haverford College, 93; original owner of the Monastery grounds, 93; co-founder of the Dunkard denomination, 93

Hemlocks, at Valley Green, 31
Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W., 95
Hermitage Estate, 9, 119
Hermit's Lane, 9, 119
Hermit's Lane Bridge, 11
Hermits on the Wissahickon, 85
Hermit's Spring, 87
Hiker's "Grand Tour," 73; bridle path, 73
"Hikes for Idle Dreamers," 109
"Hikes for Nature Lovers," 105
"Hikes to Historic Spots, Short," 85; to Romantic Spots, 103; to Scenic Spots, 97
"Hiking Through the Valley," 73
"Ho, away for the Wissahickon," 13

Indian Rock, 39; from drive, 43, 95; arched entrance, 129
Indian Rock Bridge, 39, 42
Indian Rock Hotel, first, 43, 134; second, 23
Inns, old: First Indian Rock Hotel, 39, 43, 134; Second Indian Rock Hotel, 23; Log Cabin, 9; Lotus, 15; Maple Springs, 9; Valley Green, 29, 30, 33, 35, 68
Indians, in letter of Kelpius, 43; converts, 43; Tedyuscung, last of Lenapes, 94

Kelpius, Johannes, 9, 85-89; letter on Indians, 43; first botanical garden, 49; portrait, 86; story of death, 87
Kelpius Cave, 11, 84, 85
Kelpius Spring, 9, 87
Kemble, Fannie, 2, 51, 59
Kitchen's Lane, 23; bridge, 67, 125; creek at, 20, 92; drive at, 19; to the Ridge, 121

Last covered bridge, 44, 45, 136
Last Wissahickon Mill, 39
Leonidas Fountain, 120
Levering Family, 121, 123
Lincoln Drive, 9, 50, 121
Lippard, George, 11, 15
Livezey Dam, 26, 29
Livezey House, 27, 29, 99, 100
Livezey Lane, 127
Livezey Mill, 26, 27, 29
Log Cabin, 9
Lotus Inn, at site of, 15

Lover's Leap, 11, 59, 103, 119
Lower Wissahickon: beauty of, 8, 9; creek at Lover's Leap, 10; boating on, 112, 114; skating on, 115

Magarge, Charles, 39; paper mill, 37
Main footpath, 75
Maple Springs Hotel, 9
Map of Wissahickon Park, and environs, 118
Maps, aërial: Lower Valley, 6; Walnut Lane to Valley Green, 50; Valley Green to Chestnut Hill, 72
Martin, Judge J. Willis, 31
Matthäi, Conrad, 43
Mileage itinerary, for motorists, 133
Mill roads, 45
Mills: Bell's, Robinson's, Thorp's, Vandaren's, 47; Livezey's, 27, 29; Magarge's, 37; Rittenhouse's, 55, 88, 89
Mom Rinker's Rock, 21, 23, 101
Monastery, The, 67, 90, 91-95
Monoshone Creek, 55, 88
Morley, Christopher, on Lotus Inn, 15; on Valley Green, 35; on Walnut Lane Bridge, 19; on Wissahickon's beauty, 97
"*Morning on the Wissahiccon,*" 73, 111, 113
Motorists, at Valley Green, 127, 133
Mt. St. Joseph College, 49
Muhlenberg, Henry Melchior, 87

"Over the Bridle Path," 51

Paths, main, 75 (see footpath)
Paper, manufacture of, 37
Paper Mill Run, 55, 88
Park Guard House, 37; Park Guards, 57
Pastorius, 49, 111
Penn, William, the horseman, 63; refuted by Indians, 43; statue of, 21
"*Pennsylvania Pilgrim, The,*" 15, 111
Philosopher's Stone, 85, 110, 111
Pony Cart, 35
Poe, Edgar Allan, 71, 73, 97, 109, 112, 113
Poe's Elk, 109, 111
Portrait of Kelpius, 86
"Pro Bono Publico," 39, 40

Quimby, Henry H., 23

Red Covered Bridge, Old, 17
Reilly & Riddle, 23
Revolutionary encampment, 89; battle, 89; tablet, 91
Rex Avenue Bridge, 42, 135
Rhind, Massey, 95
Riders and Drivers Association, Philadelphia, 49, 51
Riding schools, old, 51; modern, 51
Rittenhouse Bridge, 11, 12, 13, 123
Rittenhouse, homestead and mill site, 55, 88, 89
Rittenhouse, David, birthplace of, 88, 89, 121
Rittenhouse, William, 89
"Rocks-Burrow," first use of, 11

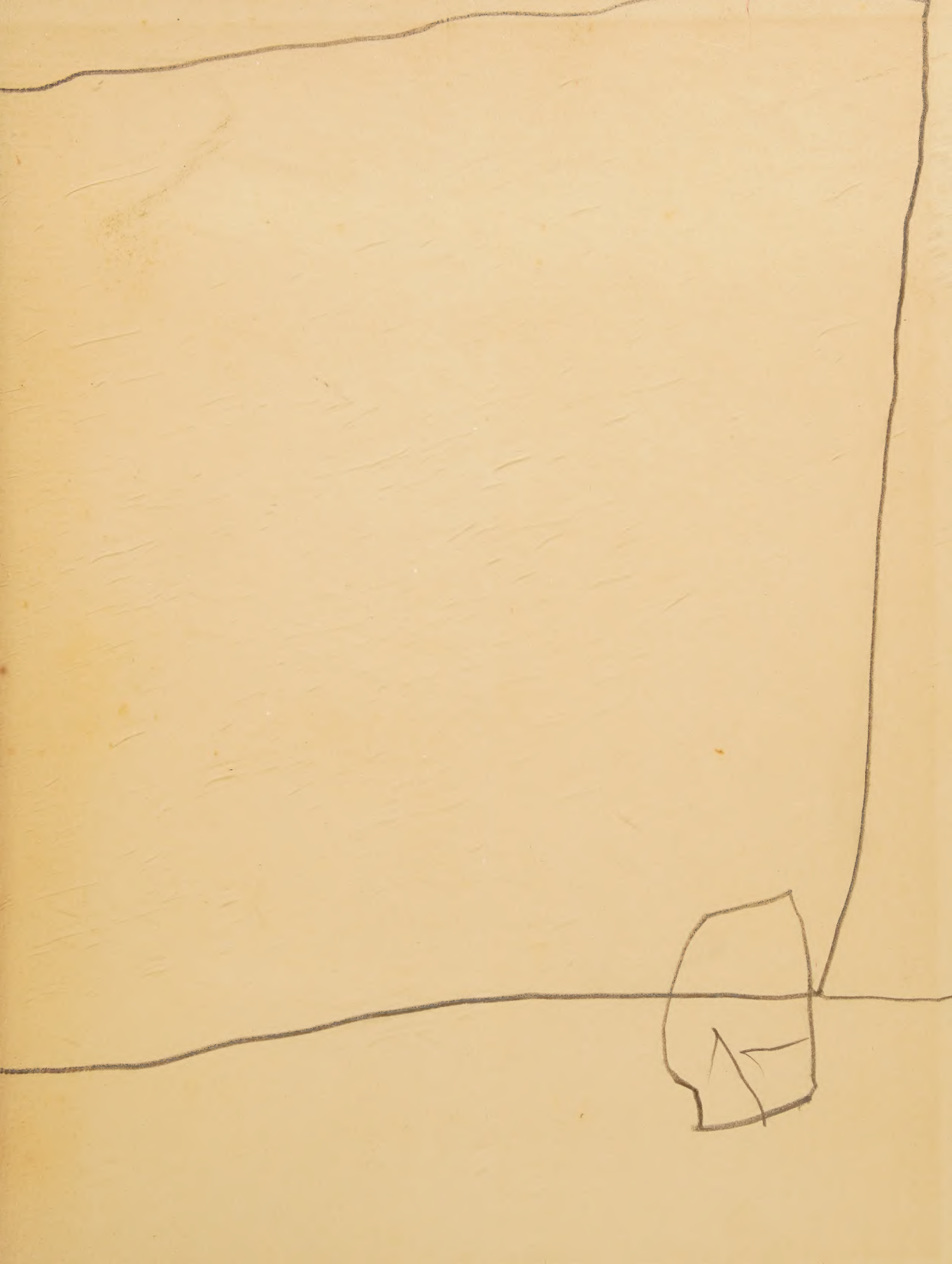
Sachse, Dr. Julius, 45, 85, 93
Saddle Horse Association, 51
Sands, Rube, 95
Seelig, Johann Gottfried, 123, 125
Seventh-day Baptists, 91
"Short Hikes to Historic Spots," 85
"Short Hikes to Romantic Spots," 103
"Short Hikes to Scenic Spots," 97
Skating, 115
Sleighing, 16, 31
Soothsayer, The, on Lotus Inn, 15
Springfield Avenue, 67, 127
Steps, The, 75
Strawbridge Four-in-Hand, 33, 49

Tabernacle of the Mystic Brotherhood, 9, 85, 87
Tedyuscung, 39, 43, 94, 95
Thomas Mill Road, 45, 129
Thorp's Lane, 47, 131; bridge, 46, 137
Thrush in nest, 107
Trees, list of, 105
"Trolley Tripper's Wissahickon, The," 138

Upper Wissahickon Creek: below Rex Avenue, 41; at Bell's Mill Road, 46
Upper Wissahickon Drive: at Allen's Lane, 22; entrance to, 12; four-in-hand on, 28; belongs to hiker, too, 74; the horseman's delight, 70; last stronghold of foot and hoof, 14; Valley Green Inn, 30; when winter comes, 24, 25, 44
"Up the Wissahickon Drive," 9

Valley Green: cars parked at, 133; creek and bridge, 32, 128, 130; described by Daly, 33; by Morley, 35; down stream, 34; feeding geese and ducks, 131; heart of the Wissahickon, 31; hemlocks at, 31; inn, 30; in winter, 30; Mecca of horsemen, 29, 68; open to motors, 127; nature's picture gallery, 96; sleighing at, 31; to county line, 69; "Wissahickon Day" at, 36, 54
Valley Green Bridge, 31, 32, 96, 128, 130
Valley Green Canoe Club, 29, 100, 113

Wall garden plants, 105
Walnut Lane Bridge, 17, 18, 19, 50, 61, 121, 122
Wayside Shrine, 127
Webster, George S., 19
Where idle dreamers roam, 108, 110
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 15, 49, 111
Winter in the valley: covered bridge, 44; fantasy of icicles, 25; sleighing parties, 16, 31; Valley Green Inn, 30; Upper Drive, 24
Winter on the creek, 48, 61, 142
Wise's Mill Road, 37; dam at, 102
Wissahickon, dam at entrance, 2; name, 9; Upper Drive, 12, 14; sleighing party, 16; when winter comes, 24
Wissahickon Creek: dam at Ridge Avenue, 2; near Kitchen's Lane, 20, 92; at Livezey's Dam, 26; Lover's Leap, 10, 114; Lower Creek, 8; near Montgomery County Line, 47; mouth at Schuylkill River, 6; near Rittenhouse Bridge, 12; at Valley Green, 32, 34, 96; at Wise's Mill Road, 38, 102; below Rex Avenue, 41; at Thomas Mill Road, 45; at Thorp's Lane, 46
"Wissahickon Day," account of, 51; horse pageant, 36, 37, 54
Wissahickon Farms, 71
"Wissahickon from a Motor Car, The," 119
Wissahickon Hall, 9, 59
Wissahickon Paper Mills, 39
Wissahickon Station, 141
"Wissahickon Trail," 83
Witt, Dr. Christopher, 49, 86
"Woman in the Wilderness, The," 85
Woodward Estate, 82, 105
Wordsworth, 33, 71, 109



Y0-BQR-371